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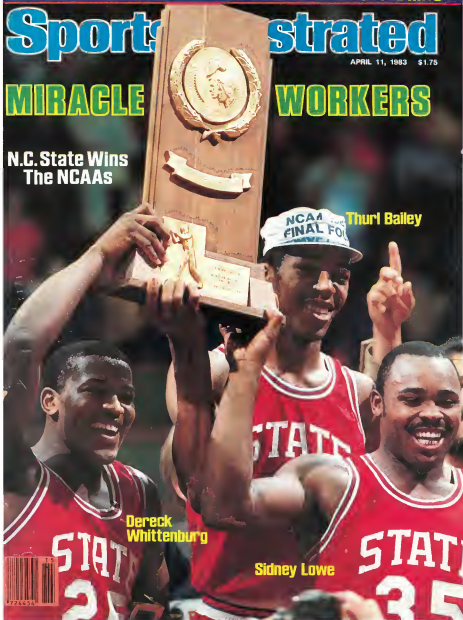
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1982 U.S. Open at Pebble Beach.

Photos by Richard Madsen

From where Tom Watson was on the 71st hole of the U.S. Open golf championship at Pebble Beach—in the garbage, on a downslope, looking at a slick green—you don't simply chip the ball into the cup for a birdie to beat Jack Nicklaus, who is already in the scorer's tent with a total good enough to win. First you throw up

Well, that's wrong, of course. If you're Watson, by now you're accustomed to beating Nicklaus in major tournaments because you've done it before at the Masters and in the British Open, so you lay open the blade of a sand wedge and plop the lob-chip shot softly onto the putting surface and then watch the flagstick get in the way of the ball to keep it from running all the way to the Lodge.

Of the many dramatic and champion-twisting shots that were struck and misstruck—in all of the 81 Opens that came before this one, Watson's chip-in at the 17th will be remembered for as long as men sew leather patches on the elbows of their tweed jackets. Dan Jenkins, SI, June 28, 1982

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Sideline

by TIM SCHELL

AN AMERICAN FINDS OUT THAT RUNNING WITH PYGMIES IS NO SMALL CHALLENGE

Just after the season's first rain I laced up my brown, dusty tennis shoes and left the town of M'Baiki behind me as I ran up the laterite road into the rain forest of the Central African Republic. It was late afternoon and the road was crowded with men and women returning to town from their fields. Some of them carried bananas, some oranges, others manioc or firewood or full pans of water balanced precariously on their heads. I was in M'Baiki as a Peace Corps volunteer to teach English to African students in the local high school, and I knew the country and its people fairly well.

I ran uphill, forcing a tired smile for

those who were watching. It was humid and I was out of shape, but I'd always loved to run in the rain; now that the rainy season had come again, I was excited. Six months of toiling through dry, dusty weather was behind me.

I passed the last mud-brick dwellings of the village and entered the forest, following a narrow path. The myriad forest sounds somehow made the going easier—the cackling of strange birds, the squealing of monkeys and the rhythmic hacking of machetes into wood. And then I heard laughter.

In drawing closer to the sound, I rounded a sharp bend, looked up, blinked, then rubbed my eyes and looked again. I had come upon a pygmy village. Though no one was in sight, I could tell who lived in the settlement by the rounded leaf huts that looked like miniature igloos. The entrances to the huts were so small that I would have had to crawl on all fours to get through one of them. I also knew that pygmies were nomadic hunters who ordinarily live deep in

the rain forest, so this had to be a temporary settlement. They would hunt enough to sustain themselves here while acquiring pots, pans and tobacco in the village, but they wouldn't stay this close to civilization any longer than was necessary.

I heard more laughter and singing, and finally I saw the pygmies: women pounding manioc in huge mortars; men sharpening spears and repairing hunting nets; children chasing one another in games. They saw me, too, and were silent for just a moment before they began cheering.

Whether you are running in the New York Marathon or in the African bush, cheering helps, and I picked up my pace. Then two men started after me and, though I was going at as fast a pace as I could handle, they caught up with me easily.

With a pygmy on each side I started up a long hill out of the settlement. Neither of them said a word, but the crowd started to cheer louder and also erupted with some of the loudest laughter I've ever

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heard. When I looked back, I saw that some of the villagers were actually holding their sides while others were rolling on the ground. I looked at my two companions and saw that they were smiling shyly. I supposed they weren't yet sure whether I shared the general mood of hilarity. I did, so I smiled back, and the three of us ran off into the forest.

These were rugged little men. Though a good head and a half shorter than I (I'm 5' 10"), they were powerfully built, and they were runners. It made sense that they should be, because they spend their lives pursuing game and going mile after mile in search of new hunting areas. Their hunting technique calls for a great deal of running in extraordinarily difficult conditions. The pygmies set up huge nets in the forest, and while several of their number hide behind the nets, the rest run for miles through the bush scaring up small game and chasing it to the nets. Those who lie in wait kill the animals with spears or poison arrows shot from crossbows. The run I was straining

through with these two was, for them, nothing more than an easy warmup.

They were barefoot, but that didn't matter to them in the least, even though the trail was strewn with jagged rocks. It was an inspiration to see them floating along; soon I forgot my own fatigue. We were running at a much faster pace than I could ever have held alone. Whenever I turned to look at one of my partners, all I saw, besides an effortless stride, was a wide, happy smile, revealing sharply pointed teeth that were darkly stained by tobacco and berries.

They could have run circles around me if they'd cared to, a fact they knew as well as I, but they wanted companionship, not competition. They were so anxious to make this clear that when I spit, they spit. When I cleared my throat, they did, too, and when my breathing became labored—and it became very labored—they pretended that theirs was, too.

We ran that way for several kilometers, through small fields that had been cleared by hand from the dense forest.

We passed an orange grove and crossed a narrow bridge over a small creek that would soon be running full again. Soon mango trees appeared, so we were nearly back to town, and I knew that my running companions would have no desire to visit civilization. It was nearly dusk when they turned away toward their settlement. Before they left me, the one on my right extended his left hand, the one on my left his right, and we clasped hands firmly. Then they were gone.

That wasn't the last time I ran with the pygmies, though. Three or four times a week I would pass their village and hear the same cheers and laughter, and my two friends would drop whatever they were doing to join me. Sometimes one or two other men came along. It lasted for about three months, until one day I ran down the path and discovered that the village was gone. They had moved on. I moved on myself a short time later, but whenever I run in the rain, I remember them fondly. I hope that's how they remember me.

END

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VIEWPOINT

by JIM KAPLAN

TO THIS CHESS LOVER, PLAYING THE KNIGHT ISN'T JUST HORSEING AROUND

In the 11th game of the 1972 world chess championships, Boris Spassky trapped Bobby Fischer's queen by making an unexpected move with one of his knights. The knight, the most exquisite piece in our most exquisite game, is frequently the key to memorable stratagems, and the chess world should have paused that day in mute tribute.

Why praise the doughty horse? Because there's nothing like it on the board. Uniquely, the knight can vault over other pieces; with every leap it must land on a different-colored square, another oddity. Its L-shaped journey, two squares straight and one to the side—or is it one straight and one diagonal?—is the game's only nonlinear move. And the knight alone among chess pieces attacks the queen without exposing itself to capture. "The knight introduces an element of trickery—the ability of a David to attack the Goliath-queen—without being demolished by the larger piece," wrote Anthony Savoy and Norman Lessing in *The World of Chess*.

Even so, the knight is little praised and much scorned. Grudgingly, it's considered a useful piece in the opening, but less so as the game progresses. Overall, it's rated about even with the awkward bishop, which moves diagonally on one color. Says Wray McCalester, membership director of the United States Chess Federation, "The knight's better in a crowded board because it can jump over pieces, but the bishop's more useful in the end game because it's more mobile. Besides, you can't force a mate with two knights, but you can with two bishops."

In *The Amazing Adventure of Dan the Pawn*, an otherwise exemplary chess primer for children, the horse is pictured as an arrogant and foul-smelling brute. "Knights always think they fool the enemy by pretending to go one way and then suddenly changing directions and going another—two squares here, then one square there," says the king's pawn, Ernie. "But there's no surprise, as they do it every time."

What we have here is a case of spite.

People don't like the knight because they've been burned by it. "Every grandmaster has fallen into a knight fork at some time," says McCalester. Let experts debate the relative merits of the knight and bishop in championship play; for the great majority of us, the knight's a better piece to have in hand, a critical one to eliminate from the opponent's arsenal. "Weaker players have more trouble defending against the knight than the bishop," says Shelby Lyman, the host of televised world chess championships. And more fun attacking with it. Most games among average players are really decided before the middle; at that stage the knight has usually done more damage than the bishop.

And no piece is more central to chess lore than the knight. It has been the only constant piece throughout the game's history. There was a horse on the board when chess originated in sixth-century India under the name *chaturanga*. "The horse moved in the Sanskrit game precisely as the knight does in modern chess," Henry A. Davidson wrote in *A Short History of Chess*. "Throughout thirteen centuries this move has never varied. It is so peculiar to chess that it serves as a shibboleth by which one may determine whether a board game is, or is not, a descendant of *chaturanga*."

The knight was always called the horse back when chess was played as a simulation of war. When medieval Europeans began viewing the pieces as a king's court, the horse became associated with a horseman—knight. How entwined were the piece and the era? Chess was actually designated as one of the seven knightly accomplishments.

Napoleon was a terrible player who attacked with his knights, a world-class cheater, he supposedly used his horses to knock down enemy pieces instead of leaping over them. Nonetheless, Josephine's lady-in-waiting, Madame de Rémusat, beat him at will.

The knight has been honored in poetry; its movements have been the basis for numerous mathematical investigations. So mysterious and treacherous are its ways that a number of chess players, frustrated again and again by it, have abandoned the game forever. Wiser players, however, cherish the piece. "A horse! A horse!" they plead. "My kingdom for a horse!"

END



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BOOKTALK

by JEREMIAH TAX

A VOLUME ABOUT THE BRONX BOMBERS
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Are you a Yankee hater? I mean, do you really hate 'em? I know you think George is a bloated jerk and Billy's a brat, but do you loathe every last one of 'em—all the way back to when they were still called the Highlanders? Do you hate their money, their arrogance, the cursed pinstripes? Do you pray every night that they all sprain their thumbs in a mass shower-room brawl? If so—then, have I got a book for you!

It's *The Official New York Yankees Hater's Handbook*, by William B. Mead (G.P. Putnam's Sons, \$5.95), and it'll keep you happy through a week of rain delays. Mead has packed the book's 112 pages with everything that's ever gone wrong with the Yankees—every bad

trade, every strikeout with the bases loaded, every biting quote by a rival, every dumb quote by their owners, every case of acne suffered by a Yankee player—beginning with the allegation that First Baseman Hal Chase (1905-1913) dumped games. Mead isn't so much a writer as he is an encyclopedist; if you worry that he has left out one of your favorite examples of Yankee perfidy, don't.

Mead reminds us of the fact, undoubtedly kept out of print by generations of Yankee p.r. men bribing reporters, that the Baby Ruth candy bar was not named after you know who, but after President Grover Cleveland's daughter Ruth—take that, you Yankee lovers! Speaking of presidents, there's a handsome still in the book from the movie *The Winning Team*, showing Ronald Reagan playing Grover Cleveland Alexander and about to pitch to Tony Lazzeri with two out and the bases loaded in the seventh inning of the seventh game of the 1926 World Series. Reagan and Alexander both struck out Lazzeri, and the Cardinals won the Series. This episode is fea-

tured in the *Hater's Handbook*, chapter eight, which is entitled "Great Yankee Humiliations." But don't get the idea that such mild titles are the standard here. The previous chapter, an unbiased discussion of Yankee tradition, is called "A Trail of Slime," which, obviously, is more like it.

Nearly all of page 44 is taken up by a large picture and its caption—the climax of chapter five, "The Truths Behind Yankee Myths." The myth this picture is meant to debunk is that Babe Ruth, emaciated and hoarse from the cancer that would kill him in seven weeks, "made his last ball park appearance before a huge and adoring Yankee Stadium throng on June 13, 1948." The picture, taken on June 19 of that year, shows the gaunt Ruth, bent over and holding on to a microphone, bidding farewell to a "largely empty" Sportsman's Park in St. Louis. Mead's caption tastefully points out: "Not even the bit boy is paying attention as..."

Thanks for taking the trouble to set the record straight, Bill.

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EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

PAY THE PAYER, CALL THE TUNE

The most significant thing about the collective-bargaining settlement struck in the NBA last week was the extent to which the owners were willing to share revenues with their players and each other. When the new pact goes into full effect for the 1984-85 season, there will be a ceiling on team payrolls, a feature the owners ardently sought, but there will also be a payroll minimum. The per-team ceiling in 1984 will be at least \$3.6 million, and because another provision of the contract guarantees the players 53% of the league's gross revenues, that figure could be even higher. The payroll minimum will be determined by a complex formula and is expected to be roughly 90% of the ceiling; it would probably amount to about \$3.2 million a team in '84. To meet the minimum, a cash-poor franchise like Indiana, which now has a payroll of only \$1.1 million, will receive subsidies from the league under a pool arrangement yet to be worked out.

With any kind of sane management, those extra expenditures will make for greater parity in the NBA, a prospect that pleases NBA Players Association General Counsel Larry Fleisher. "This is better for us because more teams will be competing for players," Fleisher says. "In 1984 we're guaranteed \$300,000 a player, and more than that if revenues increase." Fleisher thinks that revenues will indeed increase. "We analyzed their books and records and expectations from cable TV. Teams will have to spend the money to be more competitive, and because they're going to be more competitive, we think we'll bring in a lot more money."

John Weistart, a law professor at Duke who specializes in sports labor issues, agrees. "A classic theory of sports economics holds that it's in the best interests of any team to have the best competitors possible," Weistart says. "You can prove that by looking at attendance figures. A good team against a good team produces the greatest attendance; a poor one against a poor one produces the least, and mixes between produce variations." Weistart sees the settlement as a healthy step toward further centralization of the NBA. "The operation of the Indiana franchise is now of grave concern to the folks who own, say, L.A.," he says. "It's

their money at stake, and it would follow that the league would want to exercise more control over the individual management of franchises. He who pays the piper calls the tune."

The settlement puts the NBA in the enlightened company of the NFL, which has long had its own form of revenue sharing, and light years ahead of baseball, whose "haves" staunchly resist any suggestion that they share the wealth with the game's "have-nots." The NBA arrangement figures to strengthen weaker franchises, such as Cleveland, Indiana, San Diego and Kansas City, and make those that are for sale more attractive properties. Said NBA Executive Vice-President David J. Stern, "If I'm a prospective purchaser of a troubled team, I now know I can project a situation where, if I do a good job of marketing and promotion, I won't simply be a developmental team for another club in a big city. Someone buying Indiana now won't feel that Herb Williams and Clark Kellogg will just be serving apprenticeships before going on to New York."

If there are any losers under the new contract, they figure to be the NBA's biggest spenders—Philadelphia, New York, New Jersey, Los Angeles and Seattle, whose owner, Sam Schulman, cast the lone dissenting vote on the Board of Governors, in part because he didn't like the idea of other clubs hornoring in on his cable-TV revenue. "A confiscation of my franchise," he called it. But the rich teams may be losers only over the short haul. If Fleisher and Weistart are right that the NBA settlement will lead to increased competitive balance, the ultimate result may be greater prosperity for all. And if this happens, other pro sports, particularly baseball, may well want to take note.

CLAGHORN TAKES HIS CUTS

Until recently, proper use of the baseball idiom dictated that politicians could do only one thing with questions posed by journalists and other interrogators: They had to field them. At the end of a speech, Senator Claghorn would tell his audience, "And now I'll field a few of your questions." Thereupon good ol' Claghorn would set himself squarely on the

diamond of political discourse, wait for the crack of the bat and try to handle the resulting chances without a bobble.

But something strange has happened. Instead of manning positions in the field, today's politicians prefer to spend their time at the plate. During his recent 12-day trip to Western Europe, Vice President George Bush accused a questioner in Brussels of throwing "a fast-breaking curveball" that he wasn't going to take a cut at. On the other hand, asked by a journalist in Geneva about Soviet activities in Afghanistan and Poland, Bush replied that this was a nice "slow-ball question" that he intended to clobber. No matter that many of Bush's European listeners appeared to be baffled by his choice of metaphors, the Vice President of the United States was at bat.



So were the Reagan Administration officials who appeared on Feb. 18 at the annual Conservative Political Action Conference in Washington. According to *The Washington Post*, Treasury Secretary Donald T. Regan was the target of the group's "hottest pitches." The newspaper also reported, "No one hit a home run or struck out. Mostly, they scored with ground-ball singles."

We suspect that, as with so many other things in politics, this switch by public officials from the field to the batter's box is mainly a matter of image. Look at it this way. If you satisfactorily answer, say, one of three questions, you've got a .333 average. For a fielder, that's terrible. For a batter, though, it's just fine.

continued

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TALES FROM THE ANNALS OF BOXING

The shockingly cavalier attitude toward the risk of brain damage in boxing detailed by Robert H. Boyle and Wilmer Ames in their story beginning on page 44 is only one of many ills besetting that troubled sport. Others were illustrated last week by these developments:

In a mismatch of staggering proportions, Aaron Pryor defended his WBA junior welterweight title in Atlantic City by stopping Sang-Hyun Kim of South Korea in 37 seconds of the third round. Kim threw the fight's first punch and almost fell down because of the clumsiness of his delivery. Thereafter Pryor mercilessly pummeled him in a display so one-sided that the promoter, Dan Duva, said Kim "might be the worst contender I've ever seen fight for a title." Incredibly, Kim had held the WBC world crown from late 1978 to early 1980. His having won one championship and fought for another can be explained by the fact that both the WBC and the WBA, which compete with each other to maintain power bases throughout the world, shamelessly cater to Asian boxing officials by giving artificially high ratings to their fighters and protecting those boxers from strong outside opponents. Despite holding the WBC crown for 14 months and subsequently becoming the No. 1 WBA challenger, Kim was as unknown as he was incompetent; the Pryor fight was his first appearance outside Asia.

Former middleweight contender Sugar Ray Seales disclosed on ABC-TV's *Sportsbeat* that he fought for more than two years despite severe eye problems. Seales suffered a detached retina in the right eye that was satisfactorily repaired, then one in the left eye that remained detached even after surgery. Nevertheless, Seales passed physicals administered by boxing commissions in New York, New Jersey, California and Nevada. Dr. Richard G. Chenoweth, a Portland, Ore. ophthalmologist who recently operated on Seales's eyes, said the damage had been caused by blows suffered in the ring and could have been detected by a "simple vision test," i.e., having Seales read an eye chart.

Looking into a six-fight card carried on ESPN from Worcester, Mass., on March 23, SI TV/RADIO writer William Taffie found that the fanciest footwork took place not in the ring but in the handling of the fighters' records. Heavyweight Juan Ortiz was announced as

hailing from Springfield, Mass., the better to stir local interest, when in fact he resides and trains in Brooklyn. Lightweight Terry Medley was correctly said to have a 16-3 record, but ESPN neglected to note that after winning his first 14 fights, Medley had been KO'd in three of his next five bouts, all against weak opponents. Lightweight Jaime Rodriguez, whose record was billed on ESPN as 10-3-1, actually was 0-9. The network and Bob Arum, the head of Top Rank Inc., which co-promoted the card with a local man, Rip Valenti, said that Rodriguez was tapped as a fill-in only the night before and had misinformed them about his record. But Massachusetts State Boxing Commission Chairman Thomas R. Rawson said that Rodriguez "wasn't a last-minute substitute at all. His name was submitted by Rip Valenti on March 7 and approved by the commission the following week." Even if, as Arum insisted, Rodriguez was a Jaime-come-lately, no representative of ESPN or the promoters checked the fighter's record with the commission on the day of the bout. "We would have laid it all out," said Rawson. Instead, it was Rodriguez who was laid out, the victim of a second-round TKO by Edwin Curet.

COOL IT, COWBOYS

Dallas Cowboy Coach Tom Landry, a man well known for his sobriety, has banned hogdoggery in the end zone by Cowboy players who score touchdowns. The edict may or may not affect Tony Hill's Wings of Victory celebrations, Billy Joe DuPree's slam dunks and Drew Pearson's spikes, but it will almost certainly write *fires* to Butch Johnson's considerably more flamboyant California Quake routine, in which the Cowboy wide receiver performs an exaggerated shimmy in the end zone. Johnson complained that Landry was trying to make Dallas players "clones" by destroying their "individual characteristics." He seemed even more concerned that the new rule would destroy something else: sales of his California Quake posters.

WHAT DIDN'T HAPPEN

Let the record show that when Iowa Basketball Coach Lute Olson, who had five straight 20-win seasons with the Hawkeyes and was in the fourth year of a 10-year contract at Iowa, unexpectedly quit

last week to become coach at Arizona, the following things didn't happen:

1) The NCAA didn't require Olson to sit out a year before assuming his new job with the Wildcats. The NCAA has such a requirement only for college athletes who transfer schools.

2) Michigan Football Coach Bo Schembechler and Washington Football Coach Don James didn't conspicuously complain about Olson's having walked out on the Hawkeyes. Schembechler, James and a lot of other college football coaches had screamed bloody murder when Herschel Walker passed up his senior year at Georgia to bolt to the USFL.

3) U.S. Senator Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania didn't introduce legislation to grant an antitrust exemption enabling the NCAA to enact rules preventing coaches from jumping from one school to another. Spurred into action by Walker's defection, Specter had introduced a bill to allow pro sports leagues to adopt rules banning the signing of underclassmen.

4) Iowa didn't hold Olson to the six years left on his contract, five years longer than the period of eligibility that Walker had left when he joined the USFL. Upon learning of his coach's move, the Hawkeyes' junior center, Greg Stokes, said, "I expected to play for Olson for four years, and this disappoints me." Even more disappointed was Brad Lohaus, a freshman center who hails, ironically, from Arizona and who wouldn't have gone to Iowa, he said, if it hadn't been for Olson. Nevertheless, Iowa released Olson from his contract because, as Athletic Director Bump Elliott put it, "You can't keep a coach against his will." Added S.J. Brownlee, president of the Iowa State Board of Regents, "On the surface, it seems inappropriate to release Olson without compensation to the university, but it seems to be the custom in the industry."

THEY SAID IT

● James McNulty, mayor of Scranton, Pa., pleading that he was only vice-mayor when boxing promoter Don King was given the key to the city in 1975. "Since then we've changed the locks."

● Pete Wysocki, the Washington Federal's radio color commentator, after Placekicker Obed Arias missed two field goals in a 22-16 win over Michigan. "I wonder what he's thinking. It's hard to tell, because I don't speak Nigerian." **END**



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State Had The Stuff

North Carolina State completed its astonishing run to the NCAA title by knocking off Houston 54-52

by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

You can come out now. The coast is clear. The fraternity party is over. The Houston Phi Slamma Jamma, that Texas chain-saw gang with the tall pledge from Africa in the middle, have finally stopped stuffing college basketball's x's and o's through every hoop they could drape their magnificent bodies over. And curfew came so suddenly: Time running out in the NCAA championship game. A shot in the air. The ball short of the rim. Whooomp!

When the final astounding dunk of the even more astounding 1982-83 season was there for the taking in Albuquerque last Monday night, it was only fitting that an improbable sophomore named Lorenzo Charles from an even more improbable North Carolina State team was the one to get it. Charles started the season in the doghouse for stealing two pizzas. He ended it in the penthouse by stealing a national title. Or was it in a frat house? By the time the Wolfpack's stunning 54-52 upset of heavily favored Houston had filtered through the haze of several dozen pitchers of margaritas, the new champions had been turned into Theta N.C. State-a.

"One Slamma Jamma . . . One Slamma Jamma," the Pack, whose 10 losses were the most ever by a champion, shouted in the locker room afterward. The players were fully aware that they had held Houston's vaunted dunkarama to one solitary stuff while they had registered two: Thurl Bailey's rebound jam

continued

Whittenburg's heave from 35 feet was short as a shot but perfect as a pass. Charles grabbed the ball and slammed home the winner.



to begin the game and Charles's catch and jam to end it—a nice, clean irony) sandwich if there ever was one.

But as intelligent as N.C. State Coach Jim Valvano's game plan was—on offense, to get the lead and slow the tempo; on defense, to play behind the Cougar leapers and deny them their beloved tomahawk repertoire; in the crunch, to foul, foul and foul some more to force the

hopeless Cougar free-throw shooters to beat State from the line—and as diligently as his brave, scrappy Wolfpack worked it to perfection, even the most rabid Cinderella lover had to recognize that Houston gave away this championship just as surely as the Wolfpack took it.

As long as there are rims to trash, which Houston did plenty of in its spectacular 94-81 pounding of Louisville in

the semifinals, there will be questions about Coach Guy V. Lewis' strategy against North Carolina State. Why did he stay with All-America Forward Clyde Drexler so long in the first half that The Glide picked up his fourth foul with 2:47 left in the period? (Drexler was even in the game for more than a minute after that.) Why did Lewis not order his team to give a foul—Houston committed but



five in the second half—somewhere over the last frantic seconds to disrupt the Wolfpack's brilliant guard tandem of Sidney Lowe (eight assists and five steals) and Dereck Whittenburg (14 points)? Obviously, they intended to pass and shoot the ball, respectively, for all the marbles.

Earlier, the Cougars had overcome a somnolent first half, at the end of which they trailed 33-25. During those 20 minutes State's senior Forward Bailey thrily surprised them with 15 points, all the scoring he would do. Houston came back with 15 points of its own to open the second half, while the outclassed Wolfpack could get only two in nearly 11 minutes of chilly shooting. But after Akeem Abdul Olajuwon, the Nigerian monolith-child who had already scored 18 of his 20 points and gathered most of his 18 rebounds, came out for a rest with Houston leading 42-35 and 10:04 to play, Lewis had his team waltz into a spread delay—if you can imagine disco dancers like Larry Micheaux, Benny Anders, Michael Young and Drexler waltzing.

Lewis' play not only turned the game around, it probably lost it for his club, because when the Phi Slams can't jam, they take it on the lam: They don't shoot particularly well from outside and are worse from the foul line, where they canned 60.9% of their shots on the season, 57.3% during the tournament and 10 for 19 in this game. "I have confidence in that offense," Lewis said later. "I wanted to pull State out and get some layups. We only got one." But then Lewis said, "Just as everybody knew it might, our foul shooting caught up with us."

Down the sideline, Valvano was scurrying about, twitching his ample nose—"biggest in Final Four history," he had surmised—and keeping "the dream," as he kept calling it, alive.

Following some deadly outward-bound heaves by Whittenburg, Lowe and still another tiny bomber, Terry Gannon, and aided by a passel of nervous Houston turnovers, the Wolfpack crept to within four points (52-48 at 3:04). State was unable to tally anything underneath, its main inside operators, Corell McQueen and Charles (Co-Rilla and Lo-Rilla, respectively, to their teammates), having



McQueen: the season's last basket case.

long since been snuffed by Olajuwon. But now Valvano was orchestrating fouls, shouting and pointing and machoing the game in his inimitable Fonzie fashion. Whittenburg—an enchanting clutch shooter in the Land of Enchantment—responded by hitting consecutive baskets to tie the score at 52-all with 1:59 to play.

State's Cardiac Pack had advanced through the tournament whipping Pepperdine, UNLV and Virginia, all in the final seconds after the losers failed at the line. They'd gone 5-4 with four other teams ranked No. 1 at some time during the crazy season. "We'd been there so often," Valvano said. "We didn't want anybody else determining the outcome." And so, at 1:05 Whittenburg made one last foul, hacking Houston's freshman point guard, Alvin Franklin, who missed

one last foul shot. McQueen corralled the crucial rebound, and following a State time-out with 44 seconds to go, the Pack worked the clock. Bailey, trapped in the corner, threw a shaky pass to Whittenburg at midcourt.

The lightning-quick Anders, inserted in the lineup for just such a chance, gambled for the steal and nearly made it, but Whittenburg whirled to cut off Anders with his body and started dribbling. Panicky now, Whittenburg searched for the basket and the scoreboard at the same time and found neither. Three seconds remained when he jumped and let fly approximately 35 feet from the goal.

"I was happy to see it go," Gannon remembered later. "I just hoped it wouldn't rebound long. All the time I saw Lo [Charles] wide open under the basket."

For the first time in three days Olajuwon was not under there, too. Said Charles, "When I jumped, I thought the ball was short. But Akeem didn't see me. He just stood there. He didn't even go up. He didn't even go up." Charles kept repeating, "I was up there all by myself."

Earlier in the week, the Phi Slamma Jammies had commanded attention as no team has in the recent history of the Final Four. Why, the careering Cougars even

continued



Valvano really knows how to nose 'em out.

Lowe was the high man in the championship game, in assists (eight) and steals (five).



In the semis, Bailey (41) thurly bewildered Georgia, getting 20 points and 10 rebounds.

NCAA FINALS *continued*

stole the spotlight from the host city, where under all that howling dust and tumbling tumbleweed beats a hospitality of pure gold. Or at least of silver and turquoise.

Olajuwon appeared at Friday's practice session as spiffy as could be in Walkman cassette waistband and matching earphones. "One thing bothers me in America," he said. "You people have wrong ideas about Nigeria. You think we live in huts. Lagos is a big city. We have Pat Benatar in Lagos." For sure, Olajuwon is no huck. When asked whether he preferred basketball or his native sport, soccer, Olajuwon replied basketball, "because of the media."

Before their astounding pick-your-favorite-dunk exhibition in their semifinal against Louisville, the Houston players upstaged the other semi, the Cinderella Bowl. That turned out to be an interminable 67-60 bore as Georgia's surprising Under-Dawgs withered under the attack of the posed Wolfpack.

Georgia began by missing 19 of its first 23 shots. Its best player, James Banks, could do no better than shoot three of 15 in the first half, and the Wolfpack took a 33-22 lead at intermission. With nearly

12 minutes left in the game, and State in the process of stretching its lead to 59-41, who should appear in the runway leading to the court but Phi Slamma Jamma. As the PSJs, already suited up in full uniform, filed into their front-row seats behind the N.C. State bench, a mighty roar went up from the Houston section.

About that time, the Dawgs abandoned the pound, climbed back into the game and prolonged the agony for everybody who had only showed up to watch the Houston Slamma Jammies and the Louisville Swatta Lottas. "I'm sitting there up 18 and composing my lines," said Valvano. "Then all of a sudden I got no lines left." No lines? Valvano? The guy who had called Saturday's double-header "the A game and the jayvees"? Perish the thought. From the time the Wolfpack surprised North Carolina and Virginia to win the ACC tournament, Rocco and Angelina's boy from Queens, despite wearing a truss to support a painful hernia, has been an instant legend just waiting for the next microphone.

Upon landing in Albuquerque, Valvano rushed off the team flight, sprinted into the teeth of the press and announced, "Welcome to the Jim Valvano Show." He said that he felt like Carnac the Magnificent and that, yes, he had

held bed check and all the beds were still there. He also said he finished second in a dance contest at The Hungry Bear Thursday night—apparently his hernia didn't hamper his boogieing.

At some point between Valvano's monologues, the long-awaited Houston-Louisville duel finally edged its way onto center stage. Or, rather, was engraved onto history. The emotions, weaponry and dynamics of this confrontation were such that they may help explain what happened to the Cougars in the championship game.

The Cardinals' Rodney McCray had said Houston was probably the best team "but now they have to go out and prove it." Brother Scooter McCray had labeled the Cougars "a mirror image of us. We have exciting practices, so the game should be fun. The difference is we never lose in practice."

Louisville didn't lose the first half either, emerging from 10 ties to take a 41-36 lead. In those first 20 minutes there were many plays of athletic majesty: Olajuwon blocked a Charles Jones power jumper, and Jones blocked an Olajuwon hook dunk. Drexler windmill-jammed once over Rodney McCray and once over Scooter, and Scooter threw one down, so fiercely the ball squirted out the side of the net. Oh, it was astonishing stuff all right, even when Lewis whipped his trademark red-and-white towel into Scooter's back after McCray intercepted along the sideline in front of the Houston bench. Lewis said the towel "slipped." But Guy V. got a quick T anyway.

The second half, though, belonged to Houston, which switched to a frenetic man-to-man defense. In exactly 3:30 of truly the most breathtaking basketball ever witnessed in these championships, or on any other college court, this bomb of a Houston team detonated. From 49-57 to 66-58, eight points behind to eight points ahead, a 17-1 run if you're scoring. The Cougars' deep bench simply wore down Louisville in the thin Albuquerque (altitude: 5,200 feet) air. "They overpowered us physically," said Cardinal Coach Denny Crum. "At sea level maybe we get beat by 30."

Houston's Young, a quiet killer, began the plunder with a jum off a pass from Drexler. Then Drexler slammed after a pass by Franklin. Houston got to 55 when Anders went stride for stride on a break-away against Louisville's Jones, lifted off,

Akeem was a dream, with 41 points, 40 rebounds and 15 blocks in the two games.

took the ball to the rack and stuck it on him. When Anders surfaced, he punched the air and pointed his finger at the enraptured Houston stands. Several Cougars jumped from the bench to watch the replay on a nearby TV monitor.

Then it was time for Drexler, who had 21 points, seven rebounds and six assists on the day, to work his singular legerdemain. After bounding downcourt to within one hop of the rim, Drexler encountered Jones. Drexler: "It's something I work on in practice. I held the ball high to make him think I was going to dunk it. Then I brought it down low so he thought pass. Then I went high to dunk it again. By that time we were both confused."

By that time Drexler had triple-pumped, shifted the ball from right hand to left to right again in midair and then viciously flung it down with a two-handed hatchet job. It was your basic play of the century, but only one of the several miraculous moments on this magical afternoon.

In the final 12:37 Houston made a remarkable 10 dunks, including six in a row, and had 14 slams altogether. "I've never seen anything like it in a real game," said Scooter.

"On behalf of Phi Slamma Jamma, I'd like to say we save our best dunks for the games," said Anders, who also said of Olajuwon, "The big Swabili shocked the entire nation."

But on Monday night it was the Swahili who was shocked. In two games at Albuquerque, Olajuwon had gotten 41 points and 40 rebounds, but at the end he was one carom short. His Most Outstanding Player award was little consolation as he walked, still wearing his uniform, to the Houston bus, his Phi Slamma Jamma warmup left behind along with the NCAA championship trophy.

Valvano, who had slain the dragon, was still salivating, of course. "How did I like Albuquerque?" he replied to a question. "Albuquerque is the greatest city the Lord ever made. My wife is going to be pregnant—she doesn't know this yet—and I'm going to name the kid Al B. Querque."

If Mrs. Valvano doesn't prefer Lorenzo instead.

END

INSIDE PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICH CLARKSON,
ANDY HAYT, MANNY MULLAN AND PETER READ MILLER



Welcome To Miller Time

Cheryl Miller led USC to the NCAA women's title over Louisiana Tech
by CRAIG NEFF

At one end of the court, Louisiana Tech's Janice Lawrence—the 6' 3" Mississippi Marvel, perhaps the nation's best woman center—was sinking deft bank shots off the glass. Teammate Jennifer White was looping in arching 20-foot jumpers as if shooting over a pine grove back home in Rascaltown, Tenn. At the other end of the floor, Southern California's phenomenal freshman, Cheryl Miller, was rebounding, shooting, stealing, scrapping and shot-blocking. Her team's Twin Towers, 6' 3" juniors Pam and Paula McGee, were looming before Tech like a city skyline. And so, with 6:20 left in last Sunday's NCAA women's basketball final at the Scope in Norfolk, Va., the top-ranked Lady Techsters and the No. 2-rated Women of Troy were in a whale of a battle, tied 59-59. "Finally women's basketball has a genuine championship game," Tech publicist Keith Prince had said. "Every year in the past it seems there's been one great team and no one else even close."

For the last two seasons, Louisiana Tech had been that team, easily winning national titles. And despite the loss of two first-team All-Americans from last year's champs, the Lady Techsters had rolled to a 31-1 record this season, winning by an average of 26.4 points per game. As Georgia Coach Andy Landers said, "They beat good teams bad."

Going into Sunday's final, having blown out Old Dominion 71-55 in the semifinals on Friday, Tech had won 30

games in a row and 100 of its last 102. But in two regular-season games against USC, the Techsters had gotten only a split, losing 64-58 at home on Dec. 4 and then winning 58-56 in Costa Mesa, Calif. on Jan. 22. That hinted at trouble. "I think they should be scared after that last one," said Center Pam McGee on Saturday. "Our whole team played terribly and we still only lost by two." And Southern Cal had shown itself ready for the NCAA finals by steamrolling Georgia 81-57 in the semis.

For the first half on Sunday, however, the Women of Troy were in trouble, courtesy of White's uncanny outside touch—5 for 5 from outer Tidewater—and Lawrence's inside scoring: 17 points. "Off the glass, Janice rates with Sam Jones or anybody else, ever, man or woman," says Tech Co-Head Coach Leon Barnore. Tech's defense, meanwhile, was forcing USC into burned shots and turnovers. The Lady Techsters opened a 13-point lead at one point and, at halftime, were ahead 37-26.

Southern Cal wasn't rattled. The tournament's most talented, spectacular club, the Women of Troy were also its most confident. "Someone said the only team that could beat 'SC is 'SC, and I think that's true," Paula McGee said. It was no fluke that the Trojans had entered the game with a 30-2 record. At halftime they looked to a sign they had made up during the season: USCORE, it read. "USC-Scope, USC-cope," said Coach Linda Sharp. USC would cope in the second half by using a press. "We hadn't run one all year," said Sharp later, adding, "We hadn't been down by 11 points all year, either."

Sharp, a 32-year-old former American literature teacher in her sixth year of coaching at USC, had brought the tournament's youngest starting team to Norfolk—two freshmen, a sophomore and two juniors. But four of the five are current or future first-team All-Americans, and last week their youth showed up as insouciance, not jitters. At a Thursday press conference Pam McGee casually bobbed her head to the beat of a Walk-

man even while fielding reporters' questions. After noticing the other three teams' intense attitude toward her sport, she said, "I can't believe they think basketball is that important." Miller and the twins spent part of that afternoon clowning their way through a TV spot about the Kodak All-America team.

"Don't strut your lip like that," Paula said to her sister. "Ask me a question so I can bring you down."

"Pam, you're supposed to say, 'I is,'" said Cheryl, taking the mike. "Now, you be twins?"

"How tall you be?" snapped Pam. "You all better hope no tape be on," said Paula.

Kidding aside, the Trojans are as articulate a bunch as you'll find in sports. The McGee twins, from Flint, Mich., are outstanding students—Paula in industrial engineering and Pam in economics—as well as a quick, lissome frontcourt duo that is without peer, at least offensively. Miller, another good student, came to USC from Riverside (Calif.) Polytechnic High School last fall as merely the most

Lawrence tried her hand at stopping Miller, who, nonetheless, got 27 points for USC.





Miller celebrated the Women of Troy's win with typically disarming exuberance.

heralded freshman in the nation.

That women's college basketball needs a glamour team like USC was clear from Sunday's final: It drew a micro-Scope crowd of only 7,387 fans, well under the arena's 10,500 capacity. No one, however, left early.

USC's press was effective immediately in the second half. In contrast to Tech, a disciplined, veteran team on the court and a quiet group off it, the Trojans don't hide their emotions. They were clearly fired

up. Miller and sophomore Guard Cynthia Cooper cut into the passing lanes for rapid-fire steals, and Cooper started hitting jumpers. When Paula McGee made a layup, stole the inbound pass and sank another layup with 7:10 left, the game was even at 55-55.

Having been wholly ineffective (three points) in the second half against pressure provided by USC, Lawrence fouled out with 1:46 to go and the Trojans leading 68-65. Meanwhile the 6' 2" Miller had been shifted onto the 5' 9" White and had shut her down. Miller, who had

led the Lady Trojans in scoring (20.3 points per game), steals (11.1) and blocked shots (7.5) and had ranked second in assists and third in rebounds this season, was carrying the team again. Her 14 first-half points had kept USC in the game. Here she was diving for loose balls, taking charges and following hoops with whoops. "Cheryl's flamboyant, and it rubs off," says Pam McGee. "You see her being so vital, so dynamic, and you want to be part of it."

The fans were missing only one aspect of Miller Time. While she has certainly shown her stuff this season, she hasn't yet shown her stuff. Probably the only woman ever to dunk in organized competition—twice in high school—she hasn't slammed even once for the Trojans. And because of Sharp, Miller wouldn't dare try a dunk in a game as close as Sunday's. "She'd noose me," says Miller. "She'd kill me. She'd have a heart attack."

Sharp had palpitations when her star freshman went to the foul line for a one-and-one try with six seconds remaining and the Lady Trojans ahead 69-67. As it turns out, Miller is human. Her first shot misfired, bouncing off the back of the rim, and Tech seized the rebound.

But instead of calling time-out, the Lady Techsters rushed the ball upcourt. "Our rebounders held the ball too long, that was the only problem," Barmore said later. At the buzzer, Tech Point Guard Kim Mulkey put up a desperation 20-footer. It barely reached the rim. Tech's 30-game streak was history. So was USC's first national championship.

What Miller had done was remarkable. She had scored 27 points, blocked four shots, made four steals and grabbed nine rebounds. And she had done so against Tech senior Lori Scott, generally considered the finest defensive player in the nation. "It's Easter Sunday and I love Sundays," Miller said with a smile. Sharp, when asked if this had been Miller's best game, also smiled. "I'd say maybe there were two games this season when Cheryl wasn't this intense."

As for next season? "Our expectations of ourselves are even higher," said Pam. Added Sharp, "I believe we'll come back and live up to our potential." Alas, back to the old days. One great team and no one else even close.

Would He Rather Be A Unitas Or A Mantle?

Whether John Elway will choose football or baseball is a toss-up, but either way he's ticketed for stardom **by RALPH WILEY**

The most desirable hunk of flesh to go on the scales in the professional sports marketplace in many a year is Stanford's 6' 3", 205-pound John Elway. As a quarterback he has such a keen intuitive understanding of football that he's said to possess a sixth sense, and he'll be the No. 1 pick in the NFL draft on April 26. If he signs with a team in that league, it will undoubtedly be for the



largest contract ever given an NFL rookie—possibly the largest ever given any NFL player. But Elway's a baseball player, too, with a longbow of an arm and a propensity for hitting fastballs on a line to distant places, and those talents could get him a contract commensurate with the size of George Steinbrenner's pocketbook. The New York Yankees owner has the baseball rights to Elway, and he has

already paid him upwards of \$140,000 for playing six weeks of Class A for the Oneonta, N.Y. Yankees in 1982.

The Yankees will make an all-out pitch for Elway's services late this week, the period they've chosen for a formal presentation. How high will they go? "The money isn't an issue," says Steinbrenner. "Never has been with us."

In the eyes of the prospective bidders, at least, as Elway debates which way to go, John the quarterback and John the outfielder appear to be about athletic equals. And he has done nothing to indicate that his liking for the two games is anything other than equal.

"I love to take two steps into a fly ball and then hum it home, just let it fly and watch it move," Elway says. "There's no feeling like that. But then, throwing a football is a tougher release, a much harder thing to do." As he speaks he's taking in the spring vista around Stanford Stadium, his home football field during a career in which he set five NCAA and 17 Pac-10 passing records, despite playing for a team that not once in his four years received a bowl bid. "I'll just let them all do the wheeling and dealing and then I'll decide," he says. "I know I can be happy either way. I won't look back."

Elway flashes his toothy, triangular grin. With aqua eyes and a mop of bloodish hair, he is handsome in the California style. But he looks even better with a helmet on, which is no insult. Framed by a face mask, his eyes bespeak the acuity that gives him an immediate grasp of a developing play.

"I first saw that vision when he was young, playing basketball. He could see everything on the court," says his father, Jack, who's in his fifth year as head coach at San Jose State and was himself a quarterback as a freshman at Washington State in 1949. "I was always the first to quit, in whatever we played. God, he was fun. As he grew older, I thought, 'Is he as good as I think he is?'"

He was that good. Young Elway isn't made up, dreamed up, trumped up or otherwise overblown. He's the legitimate article, the McCoy, and his timing is perfect. At 22, an economics major who will earn his degree in May with a 3.0 average, he can't miss.

Things will not be so up in the air for Elway this week, after the Yankees talk money.

Says Steinbrenner, "I put an old scout, Dutch Dotterer, on John [Dotterer's grandson, Mike, is also a major league prospect, as an outfielder, and played in the same football backfield with Elway at Stanford]. Dutch reported he has an outstanding arm, is a fine defensive player, will hit with power and is a great competitor. He's rated a definite. I see a lot of Mickey Mantle in him."

"We invited John to our Fort Lauderdale training camp last spring. He got into the batting cage for the first time, and [Batting Coach] Mickey Vernon told him to bunt one down the third-base line. He did. Told him to hit behind the runner, between first and second. He did. Same for second and third. Then he told him to hit it out of the park. He did."

NFL men are no less admiring. Dick Steinberg, the New England Patriots' personnel director, says Elway has "no flaws." Gil Brandt, the Dallas Cowboys' personnel chief, says if he had Joe Montana, Dan Fouts and Danny White on his team, he'd still pick Elway No. 1.

"We'd love to have him, sure," said Brandt during the NFL playoffs. "But there's something to be said for parity in the NFL." So Dallas feels if it got Elway, there might not be parity in the NFL. The ultimate compliment.

In the NFL the wooing of Elway begins with Frank Kush and Robert Irby, the coach and owner, respectively, of the Baltimore Colts, the team with the No. 1 pick in the draft. Kush visited with Jack Elway in a restaurant near the San Jose State campus in February, a meeting John declined to attend.

"It was the first time I'd met Frank Kush," says Jack. "He's got a different philosophy of coaching than I do, but I admire him. He wanted to know how John felt about Baltimore. If John wanted to come, then he'd take him. If not, they'd trade the pick."

It now seems likely that the Colts will make that trade. John has never said publicly he won't play in Baltimore, but he admits he is cool to teams outside California, except the Seattle Seahawks—his girl friend, Janet Buchan, a former All-America swimmer at Stanford, is from Tacoma—and the Cowboys. "I like California," he says. "I've never played in less than 45-degree weather."

Before Kush left, he gave Jack a bit of advice. "He told me to get John an agent," Jack says. "We hadn't had one,

continued





At Stanford, where Elway had to sacrifice baseball to turn pro after only two seasons, he was noted for the long ball in both sports.

JOHN ELWAY *continued*

But I wouldn't know where to start counting the calls regarding John. John estimates these contacts have been in "millions," with only a half-smile. Jack decided on Marvin Demhoff, a Los An-

geles-based attorney who had handled the contract of Defensive End Donnell Thompson, a first-round pick of the Colts in 1981. "Eventually, we'll need help with endorsements and investments," says Jack. Says Gordon Banks, a Stanford teammate of Elway's who's now with the USFL Oakland Invaders, "Before long it'll be Wells Fargo, Bank of America and the John Elway Bank."

"We've talked to the Cowboys and 10 to 12 other teams, contenders around the league," says Demhoff. "Most are walking slowly until they know how Baltimore will handle it." As of last weekend, Elway had had at least one discussion with the Cowboys, more with other teams, especially the San Diego Chargers. In these conversations Elway has reportedly shown interest in

acquiring offensive players, particularly linemen.

The intense interest in Elway among NFL teams exists despite a glut of quarterbacks in this year's draft, even with UCLA's Tom Ramsey, Southern Mississippi's Reggie Collier and LSU's Alan Risher already signed by the USFL. Still available are Illinois' Tony Eason, Penn State's Todd Blackledge, Pitt's Dan Marino and Miami's Jim Kelly, all potential first-round choices. Notwithstanding this crop and the presence of Joe Montana and Dan Fouts in San Francisco and San Diego, the only California NFL team that has not talked with Demhoff about Elway as of last weekend was the Los Angeles Raiders. "Their trial is ending this week," said Demhoff, referring to the Raiders' suit for damages against the NFL that stemmed from the dispute over the team's move from Oakland to L.A. "Maybe we'll hear from them after that's wrapped up."

Elway would like that. He breaks into a smile at the thought of playing in the same backfield with Marcus Allen. "If I could choose, it would be the Raiders or Seattle," he says. But neither team has a particularly strong bargaining position. It's generally assumed that any team

continued



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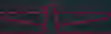
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trading with the Colts will have to give up its own first draft choice as well as players. The Raiders have the 26th pick in the draft. Seattle has the ninth choice but not enough offensive talent to offer the Colts.

The 49ers have the 22nd choice. San Francisco Coach Bill Walsh, though he helped recruit Elway while at Stanford and calls him "probably the best college quarterback I've ever seen," has Montana and is pleased with him. Still, the 49ers and Demhoff have talked. The Rams are now coached by John Robinson, whose Trojans faced Elway for four years while Robinson was at USC. The Rams have a bunch of big offensive linemen and the third draft pick, but they gave up a bundle in draft choices and cash to sign Bert Jones and Vince Ferragamo last year and don't want to spend too heavily for the quarterback spot again. A source in the Rams' front office says, "I don't think we have a shot at Elway. They're working on something with San Diego."

Fouts, San Diego's free-agent quarterback, is seeking a contract for \$1 million a year, but Charger insiders say if owner Gene Klein has to spend that sort of money at quarterback, he would rather invest in the future, i.e., Elway Goodbye, Fouts. The Chargers have superior players to offer Baltimore, not to mention the fifth and 20th draft picks.

"San Diego has the cards," says a member of the Oakland Raiders' front office. Ah, yes, the USFL is in the hunt, too. The Raiders made an offer to Elway in December. The opening bid included an annuity, a \$1 million life insurance policy and base pay of \$200,000 per season for five years. Elway turned the offer down—at least for the '83 season. The Raiders are now talking to the Elways about '84.

Even Brandt concedes, "San Diego's got the edge." But that won't stop the Cowboys from meeting with Demhoff after the Yankee offer is presented and dickering with Insay and Kush. "But there are problems with making a trade," says Brandt. "He could sign with the Yankees, or he could sit out a year and then go back into the draft. If he goes with the USFL, then he can play for whatever NFL team he wants in four years, though the team that drafts him has right of first refusal. You'd better have your deal with him done before you trade for him." If no deal is worked out

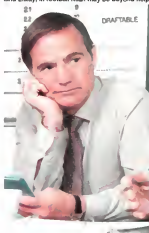
between a team Elway favors and Elway himself before the draft, NFL insiders believe Elway will go with the Yankees.

And indeed he might decide to become a Yankee, for the sheer challenge of it. He believes he could do fine in the major leagues, despite that bane of the phenom, the breaking pitch. "I'm not going to say I can't hit it," Elway says. "It might take two or three years to get to the big leagues, but I think I could."

Says Jack, "John felt that pressure of playing for money in Oneonta. He slumped, and he



In baseball Steinbrenner is pointing to himself to land Elway; in football Kush may be beyond help.



called me and said, 'Dad, I think my goal is to hit 100.' I told him to be aware of his mistakes but not to let them crush him." Elway found his swing, finishing the six-week tour by hitting .356 in July and .318 overall, with 25 RBIs and no errors in 42 games.

"The Yankees have been extremely good to John," says Demhoff, "but they must be aware that he would be passing up a tremendous opportunity. In football, he could be the best player ever at

the most dominant position in the game."

John's sisters, Lee Ann, 24, and his twin, Jana, 22, want him to play football, and that can't be discounted, given the close-knit character of the Elway family. John credits his father with everything from his football talent to turning him around to hit from the left side with his plastic bat when he was a small boy. "He's like his mother more than me," says Jack. "Built like her, athletic like her. She's the one who kept the whole thing together while I coached." He was an assistant at Montana and Washington State before becoming head coach at Cal State-Northridge and then San Jose State. "From the time John was a boy," Jack says, "he's been bouncing on the ball bags at football practice. Watching. Absorbing. Now he amazes me with what he knows about football."

Jack insists he doesn't care which sport his son chooses. "I just want him to be excited, and dollars won't decide that," says Jack. "You can't be great playing on a dollar basis. You've got to have your heart and soul in it."

"When he decides, I'll get the ice and vodka and toast with him. It's his life. He should celebrate it. I'd feel real successful if I could just preserve for John the joy of playing ball. Because that's where he'll find his greatness." **END**



Winning Was Her Just Dessert

The erstwhile short-order cook, Amy Alcott, was standing on the practice green at the Mission Hills Country Club Saturday evening, staring up the Caca-chella Valley at the setting sun and the swirling dust blown by a rising wind. "The weather's changing," said Alcott, trying to keep the lilt out of her voice. Tomorrow would be another day, a working girl's kind of day, when you could tug at your visor, put your nose to the grindstone and go win \$55,000.

Alcott scoots the ball just above the ground, about cactus high, and on Sunday, with the wind howling through the condos of Palm Springs and the sand hiliwung, she played a thoughtful, patient even-par round of 72 for a 282 total that brought her the Nahrco Dinah Shore Invitational championship.

This was Alcott's third major title—she had won the 1979 Peter Jackson Classic and the 1980 U.S. Women's Open—which puts her only one behind Donna Caponi and Sandra Haynie among active players, and the victory was accomplished in a style uniquely hers. She hung in there, kept plugging away with her short, choppy swing and won by two strokes over Beth Daniel and

Amy Alcott's Dinah Shore victory was her third in a major and her first step toward owning a sweet shop

by **BARRY McDERMOTT**

Kathy Whitworth, about the best of the young and the old in women's golf.

The Dinah Shore has a \$400,000 purse, richest on the circuit, and the winner's slice belonged to the 26-year-old Daniel for most of the week. She opened with two 69s, and by the hack nine Saturday she seemed to be uncatchable—until she double-bogeyed the par-5 18th by going into the water that guards the green.

Such is Daniel's talent that she spends as much time explaining how she loses as how she wins. She has yet to win a major, although she had her chances to do so at the previous four, and she still carried a two-stroke lead into the final round. But her game is built on rhythm and timing, and in the 40- to 50-mile-per-hour winds that raked the course on Sunday, her long, upright swing was all jerks and sways, instead of slow dancing.

The tournament turned around for Daniel on the 5th, 6th and 7th holes when she visited the water twice and had

two double bogeys and a bogey. "If it wasn't the end, it was close to it," Daniel said after struggling home with a 76.

Whitworth, meanwhile, 43 and a pro since 1959, was going after her 85th victory, which would have nudged her past Sam Snead for the most Tour wins by any golfer. But at every opening she closed the door on herself with a bogey. She shot 72 and tied Daniel for second, which was worth \$30,845 apiece.

Alcott once described her flamboyant, enthusiastic style as "hitch up my girdle and let it rip." On Sunday she got her teeth into the lead for good on the 12th hole when she hit a five-iron out of a fairway bunker and sank an eight-foot birdie putt while the opposition was making bogeys. From then on, with her fans calling out "Hold the mayo," a reference to her off-season job in a Los Angeles sandwich shop, Alcott mimicked her dog, Mactavish, a somewhat arrogant Scottish Terrier. "He knows he's as good as anybody," she says. "He struts his stuff."

The winner put on one final display of showmaking on the 15th hole. She drove into the rough. Between her and the green were four trees and two sand traps. Alcott aimed 90 yards to the right and hit



a wild, windblown hook. The ball ended up 12 feet from the cup. Mactavish would have loved it.

There's always as much happening off the course at the Dinah Shore as on it, and this year brought an announcement of note: Nancy Lopez revealed that she is two months pregnant. Maybe you missed her divorce from Tim Melton and her marriage to Ray Knight, the Houston Astros' first baseman. There were the usual parties and pro-am high jinks. And there were Aerobics by Astud, the early-morning workout for the spouses back at the Spa Hotel, plus Harpo, a clown with a lime-green fright wig who never talks and Mr. Peinut, a Nabisco shell who walked around the grounds and also never speaks. Rumor had it that Harpo and Mr. Peinut were one and the same because—Lons Lane, check it out—they never appeared together, but one day Harpo emerged from a phone booth to deny it, emphatically wagging his green head no.

The tournament also had a first, an Easter Sunday sunrise service conducted alongside the 18th green. It was advertised on television, and some 2,000 people, many more than were expected, showed up at 6:30 a.m. A continental

Alcott's slogan is *To The Max*, which is how she played as things got tough last week.

breakfast was offered, but supplies ran short. Then, in the spirit of the occasion, a truck with provisions arrived at the neck of time, and the multitudes were fed.

This also was the first Dinah Shore in which amateurs played. Debbie Weldon, a California champion, and NCAA titlist Kathy Baker both made the cut, and the fresh-faced Baker, a senior at Tuha and low amateur in the U.S. Women's Open the last two years, had the gallery as excited about her model's looks as her game.

Meanwhile, on the course an old campaigner and former Open champion named Sandra Spuzich created a stir the first day when she cruised around in 69 shots, tying Daniel for the lead. Spuzich was set to turn 46 on Sunday and everyone went to the thesaurus to look up the synonyms under sentimental, but Spuzich faded fast. "Sometimes I feel 75 and sometimes I feel 25," she had said earlier. The last three days, the wrinkles were showing as she scored 76-74-79.

And, of course, consistency is what wins major championships, an axiom put into practice by Daniel for three days. While Alcott was regaling the press with her tales of fixing sandwiches and cheesecake at the Butterfly Bakery in Westwood, Calif., an eatery financed in part by Barbra Streisand, and with cute stories of visiting diners on Long Island because she likes to watch short-order cooks with tattoos on their arms "whip it up," Daniel was rolling along, oblivious to the golfers and chefs pursuing her. The weather was calm and Daniel was hot, with those 69s and a lead that stretched to four strokes by the 12th hole Saturday.

"Sometimes you have to wait for the wheels to come off," Alcott would say later. Daniel accommodated her rivals by missing a bunch of birdie puts coming home in the third round and then made a grievous error on the 18th when she let her second shot slip into the rough. She had only 70 yards to the pin, but her ball was sitting down in the wiry grass. "I don't think Jack Nicklaus could have gotten it out of that lie," she said, after dunking the ball.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD JACKSON

Daniel's mistake thrust Alcott back in the hunt, and when Alcott awakened Sunday morning and saw the trees swaying in downtown Palm Springs, she realized the wind would be howling at Mission Hills out in the valley.

At the 3rd hole Alcott got another indication that this was her day, when she came out of the long grass and made birdie, hitting a six-iron from the rough to within six inches of the cup. "It's meant for me to win," she told herself.

Alcott says things like that. On her golf bag is a button emblazoned with the words to *THE MAX*, and on Sunday she played like someone who can back up her mouth with some golf under pressure. Later she was asked what she planned to do with her winnings. The late Champagne Tony Lama might have talked about throwing a party, but Cheesecake Amy had a sweeter notion. "I'm going to put a down payment on my own bakery," she said.

END



On Sunday Daniel's lead went thataway.

Early this year, Much Traveled Lou Saban—his real name is Louis H. Saban, but Much Traveled Lou, as he was long ago rechristened in newsprint, has pretty well taken over for that—strode to the front of a big, barren lecture room at the University of Central Florida in Orlando. He grabbed the front of the podium with his meaty left hand, stared at the assemblage of expectant young men before him and began speaking to them for the first time as their football coach. Suddenly, as if stricken, he asked, "Are these all the football players we got?" There were mumbles that indicated, well, yeah, Coach, this is pretty much it. And for a fleeting moment, the possibility loomed: Would Much Traveled Lou throw up his hands and hit the road? Again?

It was a genuine possibility. After all, Saban has had 18 jobs in 33 years, an average of 1.83333 years per position. Among the résumé entries, a fairly recent one at that, is the title of athletic director at the University of Cincinnati. For 19 days, Saban left that institution at halftime of an early-season game against Ohio University. Several days passed before anyone realized that Saban had left more than the game. He had left, period.

Last year Saban's title was president, New York Yankees. Sure, the Yankees are a baseball team, and Saban is all football. Still, is there any more prestigious title, save President, U.S. of A.? And Saban treats it as just another hip on his résumé screen. In a switcheroo dazzling even for Much Traveled Lou, he left the Yankees to go to Central Florida, a struggling young school where nearly 13,000 of the 14,000 students are commuters.

Now obviously Saban's good buddy, George Steinbrenner, calls the shots for the Yankees, not the club's president, but there's no denying the Yanks are major league. Central Florida is something else again. It played football last year in the NCAA's Division II, where its record was 0-10. Says Saban gamely, "The relationship of talent to victories is deceiving." Well, that could be true. The Fighting Knights probably weren't as good as their record indicates. They were outscored 356-109. In four years of playing football, Central Florida has had one winning season, its first, when it was 6-2. That was with a volunteer coach. The nadir may have come last Nov. 6, when only 3,818 spectators showed up for a game against Carson-Newman. In the 50,000-seat Tangerine Bowl, they looked like the clean-up crew on a cigarette break.

Nevertheless, Central Florida aspires to big-time football; appearances in the Orange Bowl, foam fingers waving No. 1. Says Athletic Director Bill Peterson, "Florida State is al-



If The Hat Fits, Wear It



Much Traveled Lou Saban, the football coach who can't say no, is now in his 18th job, at obscure Central Florida. Will this one cap his career?

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MODRA

Saban's role is to make sure football at the Orlando school isn't Mickey Mouse

ready penciled in on our 1989 schedule." Thank heaven pencils have erasers. But what the heck, what better place for fantasy than in Mickey Mouse's shadow?

In fact, one of the first things Saban did after checking in at Central Florida on Jan. 1 was to take a gander at Walt Disney World, with Bob Allen, vice-president of the theme park, as his tour guide. Allen expressed the hope that Saban would return sometime for a more leisurely visit. Said Saban, "I will. I'm here to stay, my friend." And his fingers weren't crossed. But then, they never are. Saban has sworn at every stop on his itinerary that this is it, this is where he wants to stay. We're not talking about a guy who has had too many zip codes, we're talking about one who has had way too many. He knows it. "All these different jobs I've had do bother me," he says. "They bother the heck out of me. But everybody can't have the great resources of an Ohio State, a Penn State, an Oklahoma. The rest of us do the best we can at the job we can get."

Saban repeatedly paints himself as a victim. Steinbrenner, a man who knows something about hiring and firing and has been Saban's boss at both Tampa Downs and the Yankees (see chart, page 38, for Saban's itinerary), says the reason Saban leaves places is simple and understandable: People don't keep their word to him. If that's true, few men in history have been lied to more than Much Traveled Lou. But Steinbrenner insists: "The main point with Saban is, he has taken all this crap and kept his mouth shut. He's a man's man. If he were less of a man, he'd have gone public and said, 'These s.o.b.'s lied to me.'"

Steinbrenner's view is seconded by Bill Trout, an assistant coach at the continued

University of Miami, who was at that school during Saban's touch-and-go tenure in 1977-78. "He's very idealistic," says Trout, "a man of high integrity who has felt, at times, that he's been betrayed. Whatever commitments they made to him at Central Florida, they'd better keep." And Allan Phipps, president of the Denver Broncos when Saban was with them, says, "It looks to me as if he's always striving for excellence and can't ever seem to find it where he is."

Maybe. Yet anyone who has taken the trouble to bring Saban's résumé home to read over a long weekend sees a mix of bad choices, bad luck, bad timing. He is a mediocre record, all in all, with two flashes of brilliance—oddly enough, with

the same team. As head coach of the Buffalo Bills from 1962 to 1965, Saban built an outstanding football machine that won the old AFL championship in '64 and '65. He quit because Owner Ralph Wilson offered him only a one-year verbal contract for the '66 season and cut back his responsibilities. Wilson says to-day that Saban left Buffalo because "he wanted to return to college coaching."

Six years later, largely at the urging of Steinbrenner, Wilson rehired Saban, and again he was successful, restructuring a hattered program and getting the Bills to the NFL playoffs in 1974. But Wilson started tampering, again taking away chunks of Saban's responsibilities, including negotiating contracts with the

players. Saban left Buffalo in a huff. No Wilson says the reason Saban departed was that he again wanted to return to college coaching.

Of football coaching, college and otherwise, Saban says, "There's an unpredictability about this business that creates hazards." He has not been a notable success at avoiding them. In fact, he has lost more than he has won. He has been a loser at every major college head coaching job he has had—at Northwestern, Maryland, Miami and Army. His college record is 46-54-4. Despite his achievements at Buffalo, he has been a loser in the pros, too. Besides the Bills and the Broncos, he also coached the Patriots. His pro mark: 96-102-7. Heck, even as

continued

LOU'S LAYOVERS

YEARS	JOB	REASON FOR LEAVING	SABAN'S COMMENT ON LEAVING
1959-62	Head coach, Case Institute (10-14-1)	School de-emphasized football	"I need a job."
1963	Assistant coach, University of Washington	Career advancement	"All coaches change jobs, especially when they are young."
1964	Assistant coach, Northwestern	Same as above	Same as above
1965	Head coach, Northwestern (0-8-1)	Fired	"We got our heads blown off."
1966	Sold insurance, Chicago	Hated it; loved football	"Coaches want one thing: to coach."
1967-68	Head coach, Western Illinois (20-5-1)	Chance to coach in pros	"Western Illinois understands."
1969-71	Head coach, Boston Patriots (7-12)	Fired midseason	"They fired me on the practice field. I said, 'Give me five minutes to pack my gear. One more thing: You now have a fine football team.'"
1962-65	Scout and then head coach, Buffalo Bills (37-19-3)	Quit in a huff	"We had a disagreement over the responsibilities of the coach."
1966	Head coach, Maryland (4-6)	Quit in a huff	"They were slow builders. I'm a fast builder. I scared 'em."
1967-71	Head coach and general manager, Denver Broncos (20-42-3)	Quit in frustration	"I took over when the only thing significant about the Broncos was their vertical-striped socks. I never could find a quarterback to carry the load, and I told the owners, 'The fans aren't going to stand for this.'"
1972-76	Head coach, Buffalo Bills (32-29-1)	Same as '65.	"I told Ralph Wilson, 'You own it. You do what you want to do.'"
1979	Athletic director, University of Cincinnati	Quit in dismay after 18 days	"I found they don't have enough money, so they needed to cut and slash. I was one of the people I found they could do without. What I did was fire myself."
1977-78	Head coach and athletic director, University of Miami (9-13)	Quit in a huff	"I wasn't fair with Miami. My judgment was bad."
1979	Head coach, Army (2-8-1)	Quit in frustration	"If I don't have a chance to win, I'm going to get fired."
1980-81	Worked for George Steinbrenner at Tampa Downs and then as Yankee president	Quit to get back to football	"I told George, 'I haven't got football out of my system.'"
1992-	Head coach, Central Florida		"You don't know how much I appreciate these people taking a shot at me. I mean with me. This is a great way for me to finish—in coaching, where I belong."

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titular head of the Yankees. Saban couldn't hang on to success. In 1981, his first year, New York won the American League pennant, but in '82 they slid to fifth place in the Eastern Division.

Whenever Saban goes, the word "commitment" is soon heard. He told the Central Florida administration, for example, "I'll stay as long as the university is committed." Saban likes to give himself the option of saying, "I'm leaving because you lost your commitment," and all his employer can say is, "No we didn't." Peterson says, "Our word is good. Lou will stay forever." However, Saban's definition of "forever" might not coincide with Peterson's. Realizing this, Peterson told Much Traveled Lou that as a condition of employment, he had to buy a home in Orlando. Peterson intended it to be a joke. Saban nevertheless bought a house.

In view of his nomadic life and lackluster record, why is it that Saban always seems to have a job, is always thought of as a winner and hasn't been reduced, as so many other coaches have, to leaving the game he loves to sell life insurance? Well, he did sell insurance for a while. Explains Saban, "I did it because I was hungry, my wife was hungry and my three kids were hungry. Why did I take all these jobs? I needed a job."

Sam Ruigliano, coach of the Clevel-

and Browns and a former Saban assistant, says, "Lou has done a great job wherever he has been. He has the ability to simplify all things, to get right to the core of what he has to do to win." Reminded of Saban's record, Ruigliano says, "Smart coaches with bad players always get beat by the dummies with good players." At the University of Washington, Athletic Director Mike Lude, another of Saban's friends, is asked if Lou has had too many jobs. "No, I don't think so," he says. It's guys like these—and they are legion—who are responsible for sustaining Saban's reputation.

Beyond his throwaway line about bunger, Lou is reluctant to talk about his job-switching. Steinbrenner, who was receiver coach under Saban at Northwestern in 1955, remembers the time when Saban gave him a bottle opener with a fish on top of it. Explained Much Traveled Lou, "This is to remind us that the fish that doesn't open his mouth doesn't get caught." At the press conference at which Saban was introduced as the Central Florida coach, he said, "Many remarks have been made about my ab, abbbh, movement. Most people don't quite understand why and I've never bothered to explain." At which point he took the opportunity not to explain again.

Some Saban watchers perceive explanation enough. They say he's flighty—Central Florida President Trevor Colbourn prefaced a question to Saban in a job interview by noting that "you do have a reputation as a bit of a butterfly"—and impetuous. Underneath it all, he's just a guy who seemingly can't say no. Every time somebody talks to him about a job, he's flattered. Too flattered. And he desperately wants to be asked. He has made himself available for nearly every head coaching position that has opened up over the last 10 years. Once he flew to Texas-El Paso from his New Jersey home to ask for the job there, which isn't exactly the plum of plums in coaching positions go. He was turned down. Saban has called to suggest a friend for a job and ended up suggesting himself. Army, to which Saban had intended to recommend one of his assistants, was a classic example of that.

To Saban, no job is unworthy of consideration. That's why he's at Central Florida (salary \$43,000), facing opponents like Nicholls State and Valdosta State. "I've been up there and I've been down here," says Saban. "The question is how many people you help. The levels don't matter."

Maybe not to Saban, but that's not true of the schools that hire him. They hope to use his name and football victories to become known, to attract financial backing. When Central Florida was founded, it was called Florida Technological University. At the 1967 groundbreaking, then Governor Claude Kirk said, "There'll no longer be an ivory tower throughout the world, only the golden triangle of Cal Tech, MIT and Florida Tech." At the time of the school's creation, exciting things were happening at nearby Cape Kennedy, and the motto adopted by the university was, fittingly, Reach for the Stars.

But before the school could really get going, the nation's interest in space projects declined. And the awful truth set in. The people of Florida didn't want another engineering-oriented university. They wanted a general-purpose university—and football. Now the golden triangle of the future would be Southern California, Penn State and Central Florida.

In Colbourn's inaugural speech when he took office in 1979, he announced that the name Florida Tech would be changed to Central Florida, to reflect the school's broadened curriculum. Toward the end

Son-in-law David Hogankamp remodels the home Lou got at Peterson's joking behest



of the speech he casually mentioned the idea of big-time football. Jaws dropped.

"Some will worry about us running before we can walk, that our ambition is overwhelming," Colbourn says today. "But the main intent is to raise the visibility of this institution. We want to be known for the strength of our academics, but that takes time. The time lag for sports is minimal."

One big step taken at Central Florida—where \$750,000 will be spent on football this year, including a \$50,000 gift from Steinhilber—was the hiring of another football "legend," Peterson, as the athletic director. Peterson, who had a "lifetime contract" with the Houston Oilers when he was sent packing in 1973 (this record as the Oilers' coach: 1-18), had in fact done well in 11 seasons at Florida State (62-42-11). With Peterson, 62, and Saban, 61, Central Florida runs the risk of becoming known as another Florida retirement community, but that would be unfair. Says Saban, "So much talent is wasted just because a guy gets to be 55 or 60. We antiques are valuable. That's why people buy us." Colbourn concurs, saying, "The number of rings around the trunk mean nothing."

If Saban's an antique, he's a tough old article, and that's part of his birthright. The son of Yugoslav immigrants, he was raised in LaGrange, Ill. His father was a common laborer who moved from job to job, too. "Everything was difficult," says Saban, "food, jobs, money." Young Lou worked as a sandhog during the building of the Chicago subways, and he slept with his two brothers in a single bed. "In winter it was great," he says. He and his father would spend nights riding coal cars moving along tracks through his neighborhood, swiping enough of the cargo to put some heat in the home. "We did it because we had to," says Saban. "It became a family project." Football was Saban's way out, and he played it with a passion as a star quarterback and linebacker at Indiana and later as an all-league linebacker for the Cleveland Browns in the late 1940s.

He's an emotionally rugged man, too. In a 10-month span in 1976 he

had his second blowup in Buffalo, his first wife committed suicide (he remarried), he had a double-bypass heart operation and he took over as coach at the University of Miami.

Trost, the Miami assistant, suggests, "If Saban had lived 200 years ago, he'd have been the guy in the covered wagon. If he'd been born in the 1400s, he'd have been an explorer. There's always a new horizon for him. He's like a master painter. You should give him the canvas and paint—and get out of the way. The problem is, someone always comes along who wants to paint by the numbers."

To create a masterpiece at Central Florida, Saban realizes, he will have to work with the rejects and never-considereds of Florida, Florida State and Miami. "We are starting from scratch," says Saban. "All we can do is look to the future."

New Saban is on the telephone, in enthusiastic conversation with a recruiting prospect. "Hey, my friend, I just saw you



Colbourn knows he netted a butterfly as UCF's coach.

on film," he says. "I'll take two. You remind me of O.J. I don't know whether it's Anderson or Simpson." But when the talk turns to grades, a pull comes over Saban: "Get those grades up because you have a lot of talent, my friend. Don't waste it." He hangs up and hangs his head at the player's 1.4 high school grade-point average. "No wonder he's not being heavily recruited," says Saban.

What Saban is betting on is that Florida high school players—and the state has become an increasingly fertile source of football talent—will prefer to stay near home and play for Central Florida, and him, rather than travel to distant universities, especially those in cold-weather locales.

For certain, the players already on the Fighting Knights are impressed with Saban, at least in part because they are finding it fun to have a card-carrying celebrity in their midst now with spring practice in full swing. Central Florida's best player last year, Bill Giovanetti, a linebacker who was signed by the USFL's Tampa Bay Bandits, says, "I'd have loved to play for Coach Saban." And Defensive Back Alan Gooch, a junior, adds, "I know he'll be here at least as long as I am. The man's a legend."

Hold on there, Gooch. Much Traveled Lou is legendary all right, but as for being here, or there, or anywhere for two years, it's way too soon to tell.

END



It's a Saban tradition to swab out each new office, making mop makers happy.

Too Many Punches, Too Little Concern

With boxing's ills under fresh public scrutiny, new research on brain damage in experienced fighters suggests a road to medical reform
by **Robert H. Boyle and Wilmer Ames**

See, all the brains are in a sort of cup, and after you get hit a few times it shakes them out of that cup. When they give you smelling salts it pulls them back into the cup. It's when the brains get shook up and run together that you get punch-drunk.

—SONNY LISTON

I don't want to be one of them old [referred] fighters with a flat nose saying 'dub-dub-dub' before a fight.

—MUHAMMAD ALI, announcing his withdrawal from boxing on Dec. 12, 1981

If a boxer ever went as hatty as Nijinsky, all the wowzers in the world would be screaming "punch-drunk." Well, who hit Nijinsky? And why isn't there a campaign against bullies?

—A. J. LEBRINT, "The Sweet Science"

The death of Korean boxer Duk Koo Kim last fall aroused yet another cry for the reform or abolition of prizefighting in the U.S. Half a dozen times over the past 50 years a fatality has prompted a like reaction—in editorials or in Congressional hearings—but the result has been nil. Certainly reform is needed, but no amount of it will eliminate death in the ring. As long as there's boxing, there will be fatalities. Boxers die from acute brain trauma, caused either by a blow (or blows) to the head or, sometimes, a heavy fall to the canvas. The brain is like so much jelly suspended in a bucket, and when you strike the bucket sharply, the

brain inside accelerates, twists and humps around. In a knockout, which is technically a concussion, the force of a punch, transmitted to the brainstem, causes the fighter to lose consciousness. A KO is considered an acute injury, but it's relatively mild compared to what happens if the jarred brain ruptures the blood vessels that surround it. Then a hematoma (a massive buildup of blood) occurs in the narrow space between the rigid skull and the soft brain. As it expands, the hematoma simply squeezes the brain to death. There has been no dispute about that for 50 years.

But no one can predict when a punch will cause a knockout or a killing hematoma.

continued

Mark Pacheco gets a brain scan. Below, he gets belted in a blowweight bout in Las Vegas in '81.







Fresh-faced Cassius Clay began at 22 to reap a champ's rewards. Not all of them were beneficial.

nouncing boxing that appeared in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* last January weren't merely inspired by the death of Willie Classen in 1979 or of Kim so much as by several new studies, based on new medical techniques, that shed hard scientific light on the punch-drunk syndrome.

I thought a brilliant champion. Ali took monstrous hard shots from the likes of Frazier in Manila.

Boxing continued

ma, and the wearing of protective headgear is no guarantee against serious injury or death. Some of the more recent boxing deaths occurred despite the use of headgear. The only way to prevent fatalities is to ban blows to the head—or ban boxing altogether. On these drastic alternatives the reform movement founders.

Another type of boxing injury has received less public attention. It's chronic brain damage, and here there's the possibility of real reform. Chronic brain damage occurs when a fighter is hit in the head thousands of times during the course of a career. Boxers' encephalopathy is the scientific term; the colloquial expression is punch-drunk. The volume of research on this condition hasn't added up to much over the years, yet, ironically, each time a prominent boxer dies in the ring from an acute injury, a physiological event bearing little relation to chronic brain damage, the impetus for discussion of and research into this more widespread and insidious problem is increased. The widely noted editorials de-

After the *JAMA* editorials and the reports of new studies appeared, Muhammad Ali was interviewed on national TV. He was seated in front of a fireplace at his home in Los Angeles. He did not speak particularly clearly and he seemed distant and grim. Asked whether he might have suffered brain damage from his 61 fights and 21 years in the ring, he replied softly, "It's possible." To many observers, the interview seemed to substantiate rumors within boxing that the 41-year-old Ali, who has been slurring his words more noticeably and acting depressed of late, was indeed becoming punch-drunk.

In a subsequent telephone interview (box, page 67) Ali declined a request by *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* that he undergo neurological testing to set the record straight. He said he'd been tested before his last two fights, in 1980 and 1981, and had been found normal. (But an investigation by *SI*, detailed below, shows that those test results are open to a quite different interpretation.) Ali asked why he, a black champion, was being singled out and whether *SI* was planning to "check the brains" of white fighters who'd taken a lot of punches. Among others, he cited Jerry Quarry.

A few weeks ago heavyweights Quarry and Randall (Tex) Cobb and a hantam-

continued



An aging Ali, bruised and puffy, quit after 10 rounds against Holmes in '80.



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Boxing *continued*

weight named Mark Pacheco were brought together by SI for neurological examinations at Quarry's rural training camp north of Los Angeles. Quarry, 37, retired in 1977 after 63 professional fights. Beaten by Ali in 1970 and '72, he was the last white heavyweight to make a serious championship bid until Gerry Cooney challenged Larry Holmes last year. But Quarry wants to come out of retirement, he has reportedly agreed to fight again in June. Cobb, 28, has a record of 20-3. Last year he earned a measure of fame when, courageous but incompetent, he lost to Holmes in a WBC title bout. He took such a bad drubbing that a dismayed Howard Cosell, who announced the fight for ABC-TV, declared he'd never broadcast a professional boxing match again. Pacheco, 23, isn't a celebrated fighter. With a record of 11-11-1, he's one of those unsung battlers who hit and get hit on undercards in cities like Portland, Ore. and Sacramento. But Pacheco has become a minor notable because of two defeats. He was TKO'd in Portland in May 1982 and denied a license, on medical grounds, to fight in Oregon again for 45 days. But he had a bout 43 days later in New York, and he was again TKO'd. In the current round of Congressional hearings on boxing, which began after Kim's death and the *JAMA* editorials and reports, the Pacheco case has been cited as evidence of the sport's inadequate medical supervision.

All three men signed releases waiving their rights to medical privacy, and Quarry and Cobb were confident that nothing would be found amiss. The three were

examined by Dr. Ira Casson of New York, a board-certified neurologist at Long Island Jewish Medical Center who was acting as a consultant to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Admittedly, this trio doesn't constitute a scientific sample. But recent research published by Casson and others indicates that the degree of a boxer's brain impairment can, as a rule, be related to the number of bouts he has fought. This indeed proved to be the case with two of our subjects, as will be shown. But none of the three are at this point in their lives punch-drunk.

In May 1928, Dr. Harrison Martland, a New Jersey pathologist, delivered a landmark paper at the New York Academy of Medicine. Using punch-drunk as a formal term for the first time, Martland said that its early signs were well recognized by the fans and promoters. They also referred to these boxers, he said, as "goofy," "cuckoo," "slug nutty" and "cutting paper dolls."

"Punch drunk most often affects boxers of the slugging type, who are usually poor boxers and who take considerable head punishment, seeking only to land a knockout blow," Martland reported. "It is also common in second-rate fighters used for training purposes, who may be knocked down several times a day." Early symptoms, he said, usually appeared in the extremities, for example, as a slight



Losses like this, to Frazer in '74, may affect Quarry later.

unsteadiness in gait, and in some cases periods of slight mental confusion occurred. In more advanced cases, there was a general slowing down in muscular movement, "a peculiar mental attitude characterized by hesitancy in speech, tremors of the hands and nodding movements of the head." In severe cases, symptoms included a peculiar tilting of the head, a staggering gait, "the facial characteristics of the Parkinson's syndrome," backward swaying of the body, tremors and "marked mental deterioration" that sometimes required commitment to an asylum. Martland estimated that almost 50% of veteran professional boxers had the condition in either severe or mild forms.

Martland said, "I am of the opinion that in punch drunk there is a very definite brain injury due to a single or repeated blows on the head or jaw which cause multiple concussion hemorrhages in the deeper portions of the cerebrum." About this pathology he was wrong, because he had no scientific data and could only speculate on the basis of his study of people who had died from random head injuries. He admitted that his theory couldn't then be proved, yet he felt compelled to report it because "the condition

continued



Dr. Casson used a rubber hammer to show that Quarry's reflexes—and his chin—are still sound.



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Boxing continued

can no longer be ignored by the medical profession or the public." Accordingly, he called it "the duty of our profession to establish the existence or nonexistence of punch drunk by preparing accurate statistical data as to its incidence, careful neurologic examinations of fighters thought to be punch drunk and careful histologic examinations of brains of those who have died with symptoms."

Martland ended his paper by quoting Gene Tunney on his retirement after his second heavyweight championship fight with Jack Dempsey the year before. While training for the fight, Tunney had been hit hard by a sparring partner and suffered amnesia. Tunney said later that he didn't know who he was for 48 hours and that it was not until the seventh round of the Dempsey fight that he felt entirely normal. Martland quoted Tunney as concluding, "From that incident was born my desire to quit the ring forever, the first opportunity that presented itself. But most of all I wanted to leave the game that had threatened my sanity before I met with an accident in a real fight with six-ounce gloves that would permanently injure my brain."

Though it made further study of the punch-drunk condition respectable among medical researchers, Martland's technical paper did little to alter the perception of the condition in the public mind, the sport or the press. Movie promoters, writers and ringside physicians continued to discount it. Yes, they agreed, there was such a thing as a boxer becoming punchy, and it probably happened to more than a few, but it could not be accurately diagnosed and therefore was not a matter of serious concern.

Besides, it was not unusual for boxers, especially aging former fighters, to drink too much, to take pills, to eat poorly and generally not to take care of themselves. Some were said to have contracted syphilis, which in advanced cases can attack the brain. In any case, most people in the fight business attributed punch-drunk symptoms solely to causes unrelated to boxing. To do otherwise was to launch an attack on the sweet science. As for the boxers themselves, the ones who seemed punch-drunk denied it; the others didn't care to talk about it. One fighter, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, had it both ways. He made a career in show business spoofing the punch-drunk myth (box, page 56).

For 50 years after Martland, the best medical research on the punch-drunk syndrome was done in England, which has a rich prizefighting tradition. In the heyday of the sport early in this century, novice boxers and fading pros used to fight in hoots at fairs, taking on all comers in unsupervised bouts and receiving all kinds of punishment for little money. There were a great many organized fights as well. Thirty-year careers in the ring were not uncommon.

In 1957 an eminent neurologist named MacDonald Critchley reported in the *British Medical Journal* that he had examined 69 cases of chronic neurological disease in boxers and that "many of these—perhaps the great majority—should be looked upon as examples of punch-drunkness, either curly or well established." Like Martland, he found the symptoms more common among professionals than amateurs, in sluggers than in more stylish boxers and "in the second-rate or third-rate performers than in the intelligent scientific exponent with a championship title." He also concluded that "the sum total of contests is important, as well as the number of occasions upon which the boxers have been rendered unconscious."

Focusing on 21 patients, Critchley found that on the average punch-drunkness developed 16 years after a boxer began his career. "Of great interest, pathological as well as practical, is the fact that this traumatic encephalopathy is a progressive condition," he wrote. "Once established, it not only does not permit reversibility, but it ordinarily advances steadily. This is the case even though the boxer has retired from the ring and repeated cranial traumas are at an end." Critchley went on to note that a victim usually showed little insight into his deteriorating condition even though his speech and thought became progressively slower and his memory lapsed. "There may be mood-swings, intense irritability, and sometimes truculence leading to uninhibited violent behavior. Simple fatuous cheerfulness is, however, the commonest prevailing mood, though sometimes there is depression with a paranoid coloring."

In 1959 an editorial in the *British medical journal The Lancet* concluded, "The medical case against boxing is now so strong that we have a clear duty to fight

continued



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Boxing continued

for its total abolition." But in the U.S. medical opinion was divided, and appeals for the banning of the sport were considered ill-founded and fatalistic. A study released by Drs. Harry A. Kaplan and Jefferson Browder in 1954 had taken the steam out of the reform movement. The researchers had given 1,043 boxers electroencephalograms (EEGs), a test that records patterns of electrical activity in the surface aspects of the brain. Kaplan and Browder could find nothing wrong in the EEGs of boxers. Sluggers who were hit often tested no worse than skillful fighters, although those with lower ring ratings tended to have "disorganized" EEGs more frequently. The study noted that derogatory remarks about punch-drunk boxers were prevalent, but that this was only "popular theory." Marland, they said, had no documentary evidence such as theirs. The punch-drunk probably would have suffered the same fate had he never boxed at all. Kaplan said that he had served as a ringside physician for three years and that his slow-motion films showed that most blows in the ring missed their mark. Not surprisingly, defenders of boxing still cite this study, though subsequent research has proved that the EEG doesn't reliably measure the type of brain damage that would result in punch-drunkness.

The consensus of American medical opinion in the late '50s, at the time of *The Lancet* editorial, could be summed up in the words of Dr. Ira McCown, medical director of the New York Athletic Commission, who wrote in a research paper in 1959 that the notion of punch-drunk was a "medical cliché with which to label any



boxer whose performance and behavior in or out of the ring is unsatisfactory or abnormal."

A series of conspicuous fight deaths in the early '60s brought renewed medical attention to boxing. In the spring of 1960 Charlie Mohr, a middleweight from the University of Wisconsin, died of a hematoma he suffered while defending his NCAA championship in Madison, Wis. Mohr was wearing headgear. An overhand right to his padded left temple literally propelled his brain against the other side of his skull, where the fatal damage occurred. His death led to the banning of boxing as an intercollegiate sport, but the controversy over the circumstances continues. The editor of *Ring* magazine claimed earlier this year that Mohr had gone into the ring with an aneurysm, a cerebral blood vessel waiting to burst. But this charge is hotly disputed by the neurosurgeon who operated on Mohr.

and he was the only man to examine Mohr's brain.

In 1962 the professional boxing world was shocked by the death of Benny (Kid) Paret in a welterweight title bout with Emile Griffith. Paret had been knocked out twice in the previous year—demonstrating, in the view of some observers, a

Cobb would rather forget his shattering by Holmes last fall, but in this test he showed he could draw geometric shapes from memory

serious inability to defend himself. That wasn't a big consideration; Paret was known for being able to absorb punishment. Significantly, he had taken a pre-fight EEG and had been found normal.

Davey Moore, a former flyweight champ, was killed in a Los Angeles bout in 1963. Moore, too, had taken and passed an EEG, but he apparently lied to the California authorities about other health problems. It was clear that the medical supervision of boxing was superficial and, thanks to disparate standards among state commissions, gravely inconsistent. Some boxers were fighting in different states under different names; commissions had little knowledge of medical histories. But the very lack of data and the paucity of long-term research dissuaded most doctors from pressing for reform. Boxing, after all, was a popular and powerful industry.

A 1962 JAMA report asked for up-

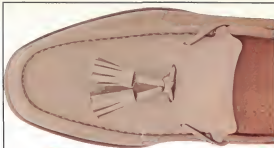
graded safety standards and more thorough medical exams in boxing. It also called for experimentation with "less padding in the gloves so that the threat of damage to the hands will inhibit the power of blows." At the time, eight-ounce gloves were in general use, as they are today. Compared with the six-ounce gloves used early in this century, they reduced hand injuries and facial cuts, but they allowed boxers to punch each other harder in the head.

Meanwhile, in Britain, research on the punch-drunk syndrome continued. A book-length study completed by Dr. A.H. Roberts in 1969 established the condition as a statistical reality. Roberts examined 224 men randomly selected from among 16,781 who had registered as pro fighters. All were retired. Seventeen percent had hard evidence of brain damage, in the form of drooling, slurring, unsteady gait and/or memory loss. An unspecified number of others showed "disturbed neurological function." Roberts' statistics also indicated that the longer a boxer's career had been, the more likely he was to have conspicuous punch-drunk symptoms.

In the same year a psychiatrist named John Johnson reported on the psychological problems of former fighters in the *British Journal of Psychiatry*. Johnson found that 16 of the 17 subjects he examined were suffering from one or more of the following clinical conditions: chronic amnesia, morbid jealousy, undue rage reactions or outright psychosis. Using air encephalography, a technique that produces an X ray after air is injected into the brain, Johnson also found a pattern of cerebral atrophy in 10 of the 17. It had long been known that brain tissue doesn't regenerate, that damaged brain cells are lost forever. More than half the men in the sample, in other words, were missing brain tissue. Johnson was interested in the charge that punch-drunk fighters had drinking problems. Alcoholism, like senility, can cause loss of brain cells and evoke psychological disturbances similar to the ones he studied, but Johnson maintained that the patterns of damage in his air encephalograms of boxers were never seen in alcoholics.

In 1973 came the most important study to date, when the brains of punch-drunk fighters were examined in physical detail. Dr. J.A.N. Corsellis, a neuropathologist, and his colleagues in England

continued



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Boxing continued

performed autopsies on the brains of 15 former fighters who had died of natural causes. Friends and family members had provided accounts of the boxers' conditions in later life, from which Corbellis had determined that they had been punch-drunk. The autopsies revealed a striking pattern of cerebral atrophy in 14 of the 15. Though the researchers said that medical controls in boxing had probably improved since their fighters were active, they warned: "...there is still the danger that, at an unpredictable moment and for an unknown reason, one or more blows will leave their mark. The destruction of cerebral tissue will have then begun and although this will usually be slight enough in the early stage to be undetectable, it may build up, if the boxing continues, until it becomes clinically evident. At this point, however, it could already be too late."

The abnormalities and atrophy Cor-

bellis found were located deep in the middle of the brain, around the septum pellucidum (illustrations, pages 62-63), and also in the cerebellum, the outer section close to the back of the head. The cerebellar structures regulate muscular coordination and balance. A person with damage here may slur his speech or may appear to stagger—"walk on his heels," in ring parlance. The deep midline regions help regulate short-term memory. Forgetfulness may occur if a person has lost tissue here. The conspicuous hallmarks of this damage are abnormally enlarged ventricles, the ventricles being the brain vessels filled with spinal fluid. They expand to fill the space left by the tissue atrophying around them. A more critical finding is a *cavum septum pellucidum*—literally, a cave in the septum. The jarring from cumulative punches may eventually cause the septum to pull apart, leaving a tunnel-like hole two to eight

millimeters wide between the ventricles.

In the 1970s came the introduction of the tool that has revolutionized the medical literature on boxing. This is the CAT scan (computerized axial tomography), a highly advanced form of X ray. With it, abnormalities in the brain can now be observed as they develop and before they result in symptoms. Within the past year three independent studies utilizing CAT scans have come to similar conclusions about chronic brain impairment among boxers.

The first was published in February 1982, in the *British Journal of Neurology, Neurosurgery and Psychiatry*. In this study Casson and other specialists performed detailed neurological examinations, EEGs and CAT scans on nine professional boxers in New York shortly after they'd been knocked out in a bout and on a 10th boxer who had been stopped on a TKO. The 10 boxers, who

continued



Maxie couldn't cuff Olm around in this '34 nice fight.

How Punchy Was Slapsie Maxie?

The most frequently cited defense of boxing is that it gives poor kids an opportunity to better themselves, to fight their way out of the ghetto. In the U.S. today that applies primarily to blacks and Hispanics, but in the old days the disadvantaged young fighters tended to be European immigrants' sons—Irish, Italian, Jewish. They were the scrappers reared in the tenements of the turn of the century. Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, a light-heavyweight

champion in the early 1930s, was one. Born in New York in 1904, Maxie started boxing at the age of 12, not long after being released from the Hawthorne Reform Home for Jewish Boys. He'd been parked there for 13 months for hitting a teacher and knocking out two of her teeth. Soon thereafter his mother enrolled him in ballet school, but that only made him more pugnacious because the other kids on the street called him a ballerina. Maxie later claimed that it was George Raft, the future Hollywood actor but then just another neighborhood pal, who steered him from ballet to a better use of his skills in the ring.

From the beginning Rosenbloom was an eccentric fighter. He never trained very much. He gambled and ran around, and he would get into shape by "dancing" in the gym. But he became an excellent defensive boxer—hard to hit. His offense consisted of open-handed cuffs, delivered in startling flurries, and crazy-legged footwork. He confused his opponents and wore them down. Rosenbloom had several hundred fights as an amateur, winning the New York State light-heavyweight crown in 1930. Damon Runyon, then a sportswriter, dubbed him Slapsie Maxie soon after he turned pro in 1923. On June 25, 1930, the 25-year-old Rosenbloom won the world light-heavyweight title by outpointing Jimmy Slater in 15 bloody rounds. By then he'd discovered he could make people laugh with his parody of the punch-drunk boxer, the happy-sad staggering figure that fight fans knew so well. That Maxie, they'd say as they watched

him prance and joke in the gym, what a card.

Rosenbloom's reign as light-heavyweight champ ended in November 1934 when he lost to Bob Olm, but he continued to fight until 1939. He can't be said to have been a great champion. In 289 professional bouts—a stupendous number—he scored only 18 knockouts. He utterly lacked a killer instinct. Once a referee was about to award him a TKO because his opponent had a badly cut ear, but Rosenbloom told the ref no, don't stop it, I just won't hit the guy in the head anymore. He always liked to go the distance.

The Hollywood film crowd fell in love with Maxie. In 1933, while still champion, he appeared in his first feature, and for the next 25 years he was as active as a character actor as he'd been as a fighter. In more than 60 movies he usually played one of two parts—if he wasn't a boxer, he was invariably the comic tough guy, the B-movie gangster, saying "dese," "dem" and "dose" in his heavy New York accent and getting into trouble with his punchy foolishness.

For a while he had his own nightclub in Los Angeles, Slapsie-Maxie's. When he got up on stage, rocking back on his heels, he'd stir his trademark opening line—"I never liked to hit very hard"—and the audience would break up. He had a gift for the added malapropism: "Waitress, I'll have a steak sandwich."

"How would you like it?"

"Well-to-do, please."

He used gag writers, but he could ad-lib, too. Countless columnists, knowing Maxie to be a reliable source of funny material, inter-

continued

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Boxing *continued*

came from all weight divisions, were from 20 to 31 years old. CAT scans showed that five of the boxers had cerebral atrophy. "We were surprised by [these] findings [in] active boxers," Casson and colleagues reported. Three fighters who had become champions all showed signs of brain damage. A fourth boxer, who was top-ranked, had a normal scan, but he was the only boxer in the series with an organic mental syndrome—memory loss and confusion. Further analysis revealed that the number of bouts was probably of critical importance. Of the five fighters with 20 or more fights, four had cerebral atrophy; of the five fighters with fewer than 12 fights, only one did. The CAT scan of one fighter, whom Casson characterized as a "slugger," showed a *cavum septum pellucidum*, and he'd had more fights than any of the others. "Since none of the boxers had been knocked out more than two

times in their careers," the researchers concluded, "a cumulative effect of multiple subconcussive head blows is the most likely culprit."

Last November in *The Lancet*, Dr. M. Kaste and a team of physicians at the University of Helsinki reported on 14 boxers (six professionals and eight amateurs) who had been Finnish, Scandinavian or European champions. Using EEGs and CAT scans, the physicians found brain injury in four of six professionals and in four of eight amateurs.

Finally, in the controversial JAMA issue of last January, Dr. Ronald J. Ross, a Cleveland radiologist, and colleagues published a paper that agreed with the key finding of Casson and Kaste: the more bouts, the worse the CAT scan. Their study involved 40 boxers, only two of them still active. Thirty-eight had CAT scans, and 24 had a complete neurological examination. "The number of

bouts fought was significantly related to the presence or absence of ventricular enlargement," wrote the researchers. Moreover, "Patients with abnormal findings on CAT examination did have more frequent neurological symptoms and abnormal neurological findings."

In the same issue with the Ross study was a report by a scientific council formed by the AMA to summarize what was known about brain injuries and deaths in boxing. (Although the report cited the literature on chronic injuries, the council was formed primarily as a reaction to Classen's death. Classen, a middleweight, had been knocked out twice in the eight months before his fatal fight, proving that little had changed in the medical regulation of boxing since Parer's death 17 years before. Kim's death occurred as the council was completing its work.) The council did not recommend a ban on boxing, although two pas-

continued

BLASPHEMIE MAXIE *continued*

viewed him to find out which sweet thing he wanted to marry next or how much he'd lost at the track.

Maxie was always "on," always in character, whether he was performing or not. A few people began to suspect that it was more than an act. If you didn't know Maxie, you'd have certified him as punch-drunk, because he so looked the part. He had a swollen left ear and a splayed nose. He was jealous of Max Baer, another fighter-actor who did a routine with him, because Baer had bushy eyebrows while Maxie had only adhesions where stitches had been. His slurring and unsteadiness grew more pronounced, though his friends maintained until the end that it was all an exaggeration, as it had been in the beginning.

Though he was out of show business by the late '30s, Maxie was still a minor celebrity at the corner of Hollywood and Vine, not far from the residential hotel where he lived for 25 years, mostly alone. In 1968, while leaving the hotel one night, he was mugged and apparently hit on the head with a pipe. Though he recovered after being hospitalized, within a year he lost his bearings altogether.

In January 1972, with Maxie's relatives nowhere to be seen, a Los Angeles court appointed the executive director of the Motion Picture Fund to be his guardian. Two weeks earlier, the court papers show, "the alleged incompetent," then 67 years old, had been committed to the Brewwood Sanatorium in South Pasadena. His friends from show business and sports would come to visit Maxie, at least for

the first few years, until he began failing to recognize them. Even so, he was able to get off one more good line. A friend brought in a former boxer to see Maxie—the two had fought exhibitions in the Pacific during the war. Maxie didn't know who the man was. "Maxie," the fighter protested, "you remember New Caledonia, don't you?" Maxie still looked blank but shot back: "I don't even remember old Caledonia." According to his death certificate, he expired on March 6, 1976 of heart failure abetted by influenza and Paget's disease, a degenerative bone condition—none of which, presumably, disturbed his twilight of demented contentment.

Although the obituaries reported Rosenbloom's doctor's assertion that Maxie's decline was attributable to the head blows from his numerous fights, sports columnists disputed this. John Hall in *The Los Angeles Times*: "The doctors said he took too many punches and there was 'a good deal of damage to his brain.' That's got to be a lie. Nobody ever hit Maxie. He slapped and slipped and dunced. But he looked as if he'd been hit. The twisted nose was smashed all over his magnificent face."

Red Smith in *The New York Times*: "The obituaries said his condition was the result of taking too many punches. Nonsense. Plenty of wives take more punches than Max ever did, and bury several husbands."

To this day most of the people who knew Rosenbloom are vehement on this subject. "Are you crazy?" says Everett Sanders, a former California boxing commissioner, now 88. "I know Maxie like a son. Maxie Rosenbloom



Maxie, sporting square-barreled guns, appeared with Baer in "Skipalong Rosenbloom" in 1951.

was never punch-drunk. Not at all." Sanders and others maintain that he showed only the effects of premature aging and that the rest was a gag. "He wasn't scrum, not punchy," says Sammy Lewis, a nightclub partner of Maxie's. "But later in life," Lewis adds, "if you take those punches, something's got to give."

Dr. Robert Kerlan, a sports physician who knew Rosenbloom slightly, has perhaps a more balanced opinion. "He had the classic slurring, the cauliflower ears, the scar tissue," Kerlan says. "He was the prototype of the punch-drunk fighter. But the real punch-drunk boxers are a far cry from what Maxie was. Believe me, I've seen them and they're far worse. But Maxie just exaggerated whatever tendencies he had in that direction."

—JEFF WHEELWRIGHT



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Boxing

sacrate editorials in the front of the journal did so. Instead the council called for a national registry of boxers' records and medical histories, more training for ring personnel and standardized safety regulations among state and local commissions. Responding to the JAMA initiative, Congress has once more held hearings and proposed legislation to create a federal boxing commission.

Cavon, meanwhile, says that he has now seen examples of cavum septum pellucidum on the CAT scans of eight pro boxers. It's disquieting that five of the eight are former world champions and two others were top-ranked. Champion fighters stay on their feet in the ring, they can take a punch. The question is, how much will they have to pay for that durability later in life?

Ali has a cavum septum pellucidum. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has learned. The abnormality shows up clearly on his CAT scan, along with other indicators of damage or atrophy, such as an enlarged third ventricle. The scan was performed at New York University Medical Center in July 1981, five months before Ali's final fight, with Trevor Berbick. In the radiologist's written report, these two findings are noted, but the conclusion is that the scan is "negative," meaning normal. It's a question of interpretation. In reviewing CAT scans of the general population, neuroradiologists occasionally see a cavum or a widened third ventricle. This atrophy is more often characteristic of older people. But most neuroradiologists aren't familiar with the scans of boxers. They don't know that the atrophy like

that found on Ali's scan shows up in 50% of boxers with more than 20 bouts—a percentage far higher than in the general population, and that, by other criteria, these same boxers often show evidence of brain impairment. The cavum abnormality is found four times as frequently in boxers as in non-boxers.

As far back as 1976, Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, a general practitioner who has known Ali since 1962, warned him that he should retire from the ring to avoid brain and kidney damage. In 1977, Pacheco quit working Ali's corner. "If you spent 20 years in boxing and an equal amount of time in medicine, you could see brain injury coming up," Pacheco says. "He took some mammoth beatings. There were the fights with Frazer, Foreman and Norton, to say nothing of all the sparring with Larry Holmes and Michael Dokes. Holmes and Dokes were not ordinary sparring partners. They're now heavyweight champions of the world. A moron could add up the picture of impending brain damage, and I urged him to quit because I didn't think it would be wonderful to have the most joyful, talented guy in the world stumbling around and mumbling to himself. But he was the one who wanted to stay on stage. The only rule he knew was being champion. I'd just as soon have been wrong."

At the time of his first warnings, Pacheco was unheeded—understandably, perhaps, because he had no data, no hard proof. But in April of 1980, after Ali an-



Boxing M.D. Campbell calls CAT-scan findings "shadows."

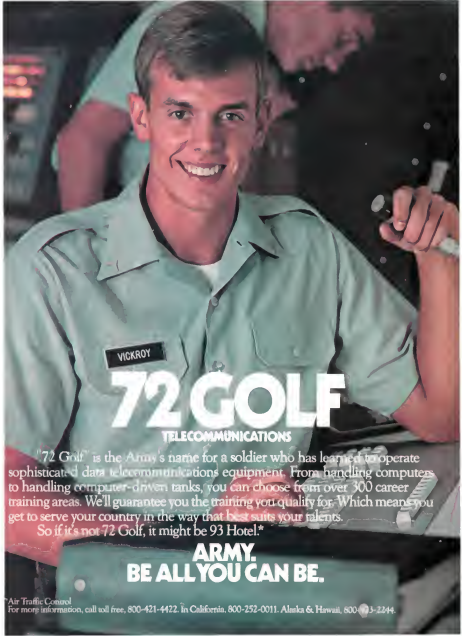
nounced that he was returning to the ring after a 10-month "retirement" to fight Holmes, his father, Cassius Clay Sr., publicly expressed concern. "I thought he wasn't walking good," he said. "I thought maybe his hip was bothering him. I wasn't sure of his speech, either, but the way I look at it, that boy has been fighting since he was 12 years old. A man can only stand so many licks to the head."

Ali went to the Mayo Clinic in July of that year for a series of tests. The Mayo report, stating that he was normal, reassured Nevada authorities that he was fit to fight Holmes in October. But after his poor showing—Holmes was awarded a TKO when Ali didn't come out for the 11th round—Ali consulted Dr. Dennis Cope, a specialist in endocrinology at the UCLA Medical Center. Ali revealed that he'd been taking excessive amounts of medication for a thyroid condition while training for the Holmes bout. One of the drug's effects had been to help Ali lose weight, but it also left him drained for the fight. However, Cope's report released in December 1981 declared Ali's thyroid gland normal. Cope also wrote that a neurological examination, which included an EEG and a CAT scan, had found no abnormalities except for a partial or complete loss of smell. The report stated, "The patient tended to talk softly and to almost mumble his speech at times; but when he was questioned about this, he was able to speak appropriately without any evidence of a speech disorder. He was evaluated by a neurosurgeon and neurologist who felt that his speech pat-

continued



Radiologist Ross, who has done 30,000 CAT scans, sees patterns of damage in screen lighters.



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Boxing *continued*

tern was not pathologic." The report concluded: "The patient's health status is excellent and there is no evidence from a health standpoint that he should be limited whatsoever in his activities."

Two weeks later Ali visited England. Interviewed on BBC radio, he slurred his speech, and when he recited a poem on how he would beat Holmes in a rematch, listeners found most of it incomprehensi-

ble. "We did encourage him to get back into the ring. We did encourage him to get back into shape, though. Because he had gotten fat, eating crap, laying around the house. We didn't think that was good for him. So we sort of convinced him that he ought to go through a full battery of tests to see if he could go back into training."

The tests included an EEG, a neurological exam and a CAT scan. Then, be-

cause of a *cavum septum pellucidum*, Demopoulos stood by the NYU specialists' negative findings.

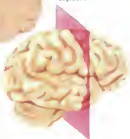
In the course of the discussion that followed, Casson made the point that many boxers with enlarged ventricles and a *cavum* have neurological problems. He said that given what Ali's CAT scan showed, additional testing—particularly exams that identify shortcomings in memory—might have been in order. Such testing

was not done at NYU. Demopoulos said that Ali probably would not agree to these tests now because "he's depressed" and because "everybody is telling him there's something dreadfully wrong with him, that, in essence, 'You're no good anymore.'"



This illustration compares a boxer's brain that has been severely damaged with a normal one. In each case the brain is sectioned as at right. The red mass of blood at upper left is a hematoma, which usually causes death. The signs of chronic

*injury are indicated by color coding: Enlarged ventricles (the three green pockets) show cerebral atrophy, as do the deep spaces (orange) on the brain's surface. The pink cavity at center is a *cavum septum pellucidum*.*



ILLUSTRATIONS BY KIRK MOLDOFF

ble. The BBC canceled the broadcast of a taped interview for another program because Ali's speech was too slurred to be understood. A BBC spokesman said, "It was very sad that so much of what history's most celebrated fighter said was unintelligible." When a London reporter asked him if he could possibly be punch-drunk, Ali replied, "I have heard about people being punch-drunk, but I do not feel drunk." He added, "When you get as great as me, people always look for some type of downfall."

The series of tests that Ali underwent at the NYU Medical Center in the summer of 1981 was supervised by Dr. Harry Demopoulos, a professor of pathology. Ali had met Demopoulos through Clint Eastwood, the actor, and Demopoulos says, "He [Ali] came here to NYU because he was contemplating going back into the ring, or at least trying to get in shape, to think about it. I don't think any

more the Berbick fight, Demopoulos was quoted as saying that the Mayo Clinic, UCLA and NYU tests, which involved 30 doctors, all showed "absolutely no evidence that Muhammad had sustained any injury to any vital organ . . . His blood tests indicate he has the vessels of a young man." He attributed the slurring to "a psychosocial response" and added, "If the slurring were due to permanent damage, it would be there all the time."

Last February, Casson and SI reporters visited Demopoulos at NYU to review Ali's CAT scan. "They read this as normal?" Casson asked, referring to the NYU neuroradiologists who had approved the report. Demopoulos assented. "I wouldn't have read this as normal," said Casson, looking closely at the sequence of X-rays. "I don't see how you can say in a 39-year-old man that these ventricles aren't too big. His third ventricle's big. His lateral ventricles are big. He

Casson asked, "What do you base this diagnosis of depression on if a psychiatrist hasn't examined him? Does he have any of the vegetative symptoms of depression? Loss of appetite, changing sleep patterns?"

Demopoulos: "He has changes in sleeping patterns. But I'll tell you what tips you off that it's not an organic problem. The man perks up sometimes under favorable circumstances, and he's just like the Ali of old."

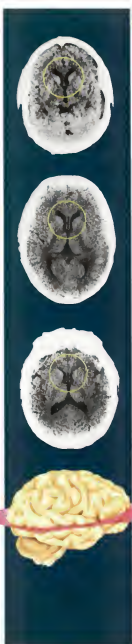
Casson: "Well, that doesn't mean it's not organic. I've seen many patients, especially the early dementias, who one day seem fine, the next day seem terrible, the next day seem fine. . . . Do you think slurring of speech is from depression?"

Demopoulos: "I think in his case, yes. You have to see the man. You have to meet him, you have to know him, and you have to talk to him."

The testing methods employed by contemporary researchers such as Casson, Ross and Kaste have centered on CAT scans, neurological exams and neuropsychological testing. A formal neurological exam consists of a battery of tests measuring muscle tone and strength, reflexes, coordination and balance (the subject is asked to walk and then hop in a straight line), eye movement, heart and lung function and basic cognitive exercises. In the cognitive tests, the subject is asked to spell some simple words backward or to name the year and day of the week. Casson stresses that in the case of Ali one cannot make a judgment on the basis of the scan alone; one must also test Ali neurologically. Ali's previous neurological results have all been reported as normal, although *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has learned that one of those exams nevertheless revealed a mild organic mental syndrome, i.e., failure to perform normally on the cognitive tests.

In their unpublished, ongoing research, Casson and his colleague, Dr. Ozzie Siegel, chief psychologist at the Queens Hospital Center in New York, have introduced a third test to their study of boxers, the neuropsychological battery. These are standardized probes of perception and short-term memory. The subject is asked to recall the details of a paragraph that is read to him. He also uses a pencil to connect dots and to draw simple geometric designs, once from memory and once with the design in front of him. His performance is timed as well as analyzed. To a layman, how somebody draws a squiggle may not seem like a sophisticated test of brain damage. But Siegel points out that this battery had been used for years to measure damage in victims of head injuries, from such things as car crashes or falls, and it had been found reliable. When neuropsychological tests are given to boxers, say Casson and Siegel, the results tend to correlate with the findings of the CAT scans and, to a lesser extent, the neurological exams.

Which brings us back to SI's tests of Quarry, Cobb and Pacheco, who is not related to Ali's former doctor. All three



From top to bottom are CAT scans of Cobb, Pacheco and Quarry. The illustration beneath them shows where this X-ray "slice" was taken. Yellow circles were added to point out the septum pellucidum, a membrane between the ventricles. Cobb's moratal septum is the light vertical line between the dark curving ventricles. But on the scans of Pacheco and Quarry there's a double line with a dark band in between, showing the septum is divided to form a cavum septum pellucidum.

men had CAT scans. At Quarry's camp, all three were given neurological exams by Casson and underwent neuropsychological tests, administered by Casson and evaluated by Siegel, who wasn't present. The CAT scans were reviewed and the results confirmed by specialists other than Casson—Ross and the two radiologists who collaborated on his *JAMA* paper, and Dr. John Benton of UCLA, where Quarry and Pacheco underwent their scans. Ross and his colleagues did not know the subjects' identities.

First, Cobb. His neurological exam was normal. His CAT scan (left) was normal. His neuropsychological results were also normal. In other words, Cobb shows no evidence of brain damage. Is this surprising, considering the beating he took from Holmes and given that he fits the "slugger" mold? The key fact about Cobb is that he has had only 23 professional bouts, most of them victories by knockout, and no amateur fights at all. (He had been trained in karate.) It can be concluded that the cumulative effects of his short career in the ring have not made a mark—not yet, maybe never.

Next, Pacheco. His neurological exam was normal. But his CAT scan showed a cavum septum pellucidum and a mildly enlarged third ventricle. He performed badly on the neuropsychological tests, says Siegel, who guessed—accurately—that his scan would reveal some damage. But Pacheco is only 23, five years younger than Cobb. "I'll bet this guy had a lot of fights," Siegel had predicted to Casson.

Pacheco says he has been boxing since he was four. He estimates that he has had "over a couple hundred" amateur bouts. In his 11 losses as a pro, he has sometimes been hurt, particularly in the back-to-back TKOs in Portland and New York, and since then in a defeat in California in which the ref stopped the fight in the first

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Boxing continued

round. "The way his record was going," says Dr. Jack Banagha, who lifted Pacheco's license after the Portland loss, "he didn't need a CAT scan, he should have just been stopped."

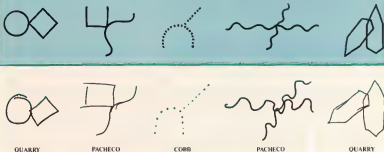
Pacheco himself is disgusted with his career in boxing and won't continue it. "It's not worth it," he says. "The officials are getting worse. I can't give it 100 percent anymore. I'm just tired of it. So I

At 16, he had had 105 amateur bouts. His amateur record was 170-13-54, and his pro record 51-8-4. One of his early losses occurred 10 days after he broke an ankle. His trainer, Harold Taber, went to Quarry's father, who was then the boy's co-manager, and told him that Jerry couldn't fight because his ankle was broken. "He's got to fight," Quarry's father said. "We've got to have the money." Be-

man, he is mindful of the need for medical reform in boxing, yet personally philosophical, not bothered by the threat of brain damage. "You step into the ring," he says, "and you know there's a chance of getting knocked out, of getting hurt, but you figure your abilities are good enough that you can handle yourself appropriately." But he hopes that federal legislation will result in uniform

Significant Squiggles

In their neuropsychological exam, Quarry, Cobb and Pacheco each took a test of visual motor perception, which measures ability to reproduce simple designs like those in the top row. Cobb's figures were normal. Errors by Pacheco and Quarry, even subtle tilting or overlapping, show brain injury.



might as well get out before I get hurt." Upon hearing the results of SI's tests, Pacheco reconfirmed his decision to retire.

Finally, Quarry. Like the others', his neurological exam was normal. But his CAT scan was slightly worse than Pacheco's—it showed a cistern, enlarged lateral and third ventricles and a suggestion of cortical atrophy. And his neuropsychological results were poor. Says Casson: "He did poorly on the test of visual motor perception. He did poorly on that test of connecting the dots. The only one he did well on was the digit symbol test. The psychologist and I are not saying that Quarry is punch-drunk where he can't walk straight, that kind of thing. What we're saying is that he has problems with certain cognitive functions—short-term memory and perceptual motor ability."

Quarry had his first formal fight at the age of five, a junior Golden Gloves event,

fore the fight, father and trainer took Quarry to "a Mexican witch doctor," says Taber, "who put fire on his ankle and everything, but they still stuck him in there."

Quarry says, "I fought a lot of fights I shouldn't have fought—one with a broken hand, one with hepatitis and another one with a broken back. I was 22 years old. I was so naive and young I didn't have the intelligence. If I had the intelligence I have now, there's no way in hell I would have gotten in the ring like that. I figured I had some people behind me, especially my father being my co-manager, that they would have pulled me out. But no, they needed the money, so they sent me to the wolves. 'Prostitute him'—that's exactly what they did."

As Quarry says these words, he doesn't sound bitter, and he doesn't sound punchy. A thoughtful, animated

medical standards and that these in turn will protect fighters from ruthless managers. "The manager is the one putting a fighter back into the ring one week after he's been knocked out," he says. "But if they have strict enforcement of physicals, then the manager won't have a damn thing to do with it." Quarry's scenario for himself, which apparently wasn't altered by learning the results of the tests, is to get in shape and, if all goes well, mount a challenge for the cruiser-weight title.

Although Casson was troubled by the prospect of Quarry's return to the ring—he urged Quarry against it—he emphasizes that his research has not convinced him that boxing should be banned. Casson describes himself as a sports fan; he will watch a fight on TV. "No matter what anybody says, boxing will continue," he says. But he thinks that young boxers could reduce their chances of in-

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A vibrant, high-contrast photograph of a group of men celebrating at a bar. In the foreground, a young man in a red polo shirt sits on the bar stool, holding a large trophy and a glass of whiskey, with a wide, joyful expression. Behind him, several other men, also in red shirts, are cheering and holding glasses of whiskey. One man in a white shirt and tie stands to the left, smiling. The background shows a bar setting with bottles and glasses. The overall mood is one of triumph and celebration.



A close-up inset image showing a bottle of Kessler whiskey and a glass filled with whiskey, ice, and a lime wedge. The bottle label clearly displays the brand name 'KESSLER' and 'AMERICAN WHISKY'. The glass is partially filled with the golden liquid.

Smooth as silk
KESSLER

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Boxing continued

jury by passing up unnecessary bouts at the lower levels and fighting only to advance their careers. "Even bumps hit you in the head," he observes.

But to become a champion, wouldn't a boxer have to withstand a sufficient number of punches, 20 or 30 fights' worth, to affect his CAT scan, even if those punches didn't result in neurological or punch-drunk symptoms? Just when his doctor was beginning to pay off, would a doctor tell him he should stop? A real dilemma, Casson concedes. Still, he says, "A boxer ought to know what he's getting into if he wants to go on and be a champion. He should know what he may be sacrificing. A doctor has to tell the boxer if he thinks the fighter should stop, but in the end it's not really a medical decision. Society has to decide what we're going to do about boxing."

Just how bad is the brain damage that shows up on CAT scans and neuropsychological tests? For Quarry and Pacheco and perhaps Ali, it's not bad, not a disability. Minor memory failures aren't crippling. But aging certainly compounds whatever deterioration may exist, as all the research shows.

Physicians who disagree with the implications of Casson's work and that of researchers like Ross point out that there are no prospective studies; that is, studies that track a younger boxer with alleged abnormalities over a period of 10 or 20 years.

"I think we're jumping the gun," says Dr. Edwin Campbell, medical director for pro boxing in New York. Campbell helped enlist the fighters for Casson's studies and was a co-author, but says, "We just haven't done enough work yet. And we don't know how boxers compare with athletes in other sports, like football, who get frequent concussions."

Casson and Ross are the first to admit that more detailed, long-term work should be done. "But let's start now," Casson says, "before another generation of fighters comes through." Though Ross's work received considerable publicity, three months later he's frustrated by the lack of follow-up concern. "The big people in boxing haven't commented," he says. "Who's going to pay for these longer studies? What's being done? I'm afraid everything's going to die down."

The new legislation being discussed in

A Conversation With The Greatest

I'd been trying to reach him for weeks, but I was still surprised—unprepared, in fact—when I picked up the ringing phone one night and there was Muhammad Ali. He was in fine fettle, charged up, and what ensued was not an interview so much as a vintage Ali monologue:

"Why do you want to check my brain? How about white boxers—Jerry Quarry, George Chuvalo, are you going to show their brains? No, it's me, a leader of the black people, they want to say I have a brain injury, that I'm crazy. I won't be no games pte, it's an embarrassment, a humiliation. What about my reputation, my family, my children—they're worth more to me than anything. For me to take that gamble, even to show nothing's wrong, I'd have to have \$10 million. . . ."

"Why don't you do a test on Richard Nixon's brain? Get the top whites and let them submit to it. I'll tell you what. You get the wisest of the whites, you get William F. Buckley and some others, the brainiest, I'll pay 'em \$25,000 to go on TV with me and let 'em try and trip me up, ask me any questions they like, any subject they want. Then we'll all do the brain show afterwards, for everyone. On TV, I want an hour and a half. . . ."

"Do you think, talking to you, that I sound crazy? Do I? Do you have this on tape? You don't? Well there's something



wrong with your brain. . . . Why are they picking on boxing? It's because the black men are so superior in boxing that they want to stop it. Well, the black man's so hungry, he's got to fight. Yes, I think it's racial, the whole thing. . . ."

Ali talked for half an hour. I got in a few sheepish words edgewise. But as he went on, he began to wind down and repeat himself. He was not interested in my questions. It has always been his pattern, even when he was in his early 20s, to grow tired of declaiming. Now his fatigue was obvious. He began to mumble and speak more and more slowly. The angry tape in his head, what he wanted to say, was running out, or going onto a loop. At the end he was talking as if in a trance of self-hypnosis. He didn't hang up, he just dropped the phone. —J.W.

Congress would create a commission to institute national standards among state commissions for all pro fights. There would be rigorous physical screenings and a "passport" for each boxer that would certify his medical history from past bouts. But CAT scans and full neurological exams before and after fights aren't practical—nor, at \$300 apiece, cost-efficient, given what the average boxer earns. Casson and Siegel suggest that their neuropsychological tests, which are easy and cheap to administer, might serve as a first screen for possible brain damage. They have developed an "impairment index." If a fighter scores abnormally on at least half their tests, they have found, his CAT scan and/or EEG will also show abnormalities. Of course, no legislation is a substitute for vigilance and care within boxing itself. Dr. Battaglia of Oregon points in the

ring-side physicians. "If you've got problems on a CAT scan, you're too darn late," he says. "You've got to pick up the signs in these kids way before then. If I see a kid taking three licks now to put one in, as far as I'm concerned school's out—then you do the scan."

Will there be real reform? Cobb's reaction to the brain injury controversy may give a clue, even though he might be described as a boxing anarchist. "Damn it, I'm a grown man," he says heatedly. "If a man doesn't want to fight, then lay down, sucker. I'm not going to have someone run my life for me. If you get a federal commission involved, all you're going to have is a bunch of political appointees. A lot of fluff, a lot of fluff, all show and no go."

"I'm a whore who sells his blood instead of his ass. But that comes with the sport."

END



A SPECIAL
BOXING
REPORT

An Encounter



To Last An Eternity

Boxers Benjamin Davis, 22, and Louis Wade, 16, knew each other for only two minutes, 57 seconds, but for both of them, that was far too long by **Frank Deford**

CONTINUED

Benjie and Louis

continued

Duk Koo Kim died in Las Vegas on Nov. 17 of brain injuries he suffered in a fight with Boom Boom Mancini four days before. Kim's death attracted a lot of attention because he was fighting on network television for some alphabet world championship. But to this day, the most celebrated boxing death remains Benny Paret's, and it hap-

pened way back in 1962. Paret, the welterweight champion, was battered by Emile Griffith as the world's most famous referee watched, apparently mesmerized by the brutality. Plus, it was all on a Gillette fight night. Look sharp. Be sharp.

Normally boxers don't get much ink for dying, unless they do it while fighting for a title and on a network. For example, if you walk into the Civic Auditorium in Albuquerque, N. Mex., you'll see only one photograph in the lobby. It's over by

copies of such patriotic memorabilia as the Declaration of Independence, the Japanese surrender document and Jackson's letter after he won the Battle of New Orleans. That lone photograph hangs high. It's of Victor (Vito) Romero, and under the picture it says: 1960-1980. This is because Romero, age 20, died on Aug. 21, 1980, from injuries he'd suffered

in the Civic Auditorium ring three days before. But while Romero is dead, he isn't cooed as a genuine boxing death, because he was fatally injured while spar-

ring. So he's not listed among the 353 boxers who have been killed in fights since 1945. Even local boxing historians say that the last boxing death in New Mexico before 1982 occurred in 1956, when John Anthony Lopez was killed in the Golden Gloves in Roswell.

If only boxers would wear headgear, safe, protective headgear, the argument goes. But Charles Love succumbed in Louisville on Oct. 16, 1982 after a fight with Darryl Stutch, a sophomore at the University of Louisville. Love, an Army private from Milwaukee, was, like Stutch, wearing headgear when he was killed. He didn't even get knocked off his feet. It was quite enough that his brain got pommelled while he stood up. He was 19 years old, wearing protective headgear. Love was one of six fighters who died after official bouts in '82. Maxwell Myaica was a South African black killed by another South African black at Bhekuzulu Hall, Umlazi, Natal Province on Nov. 11, a couple of days before Kim went down. Naoki Kobayashi had died a few weeks before, after Yoshisima Oyama knocked him out in Tokyo. Andy Balaba of the Philippines was the WBA's second-ranked flyweight when he died in Seoul on May 11, four days after fighting Shin Hee Sup. Balaba was 28 years old and gunning for a title shot. Doctors removed 100 cc of blood from around his brain, but it was too late, and so his body was taken from South Korea back to the island of Mindanao, where his three small children watched his remains go into the ground. Six months thereafter, Duk Koo Kim's body was returned to South

Korea. Days later, he was married posthumously to his girl friend, and two months after that, his mother, still despondent over his death, drank a bottle of pesticide so that she might kill herself, which she did.

All of these fighters came from poor families. One of the most emotional arguments made on behalf of boxing—usually by people who don't box—is that if the sport didn't exist, poor boys couldn't grow up to be Sugar Ray Leonard or Larry Holmes, with big houses and in-



The day before Benjie went to box, he talked Debbie into taking a ride with him up to the reservation's hills.

vestment portfolios. It's their choice. No-body makes these boys bash their brains in for our amusement. If we buy tickets and cheer them on, they might well become millionaires.

The problem is, very few poor young fighters ever do grow up to be Leonard or Holmes. Instead, every year, a number of them grow up to be corpses, to be Andy Bilaba or Maxwell Myaica or Charles Love or Duk Koo Kim or Naoki Kobayashi. Or perhaps as bad—who knows?—they grow up to be Shin Hee Sup or Chris Nardoo or Darryl Stinch or Boon Boon Mancini or Yoshimu Oyama.

On Lincoln's Birthday 1982, under the photograph of Vito Romero, Benjamin Davis and Louis Wade walked into the Civic Auditorium in Albuquerque to fight each other in the semifinals of the New Mexico Golden Gloves, 132-pound novice class. You could not hope to meet two nicer boys. One would help kill the other in the ring that night.

Benjie and Louis had never met one another, but Louis had seen Benjie fight the night before, in the first round of the tournament. That had been the first fight that Benjie had ever fought. Louis, who had been granted a bye in the first round of the competition, had participated in only two previous bouts.

On the tournament's opening night, a Thursday, the crowd had been sparse, so Louis had been able to move down to ringside to watch the bout that would determine his opponent for the following evening. Louis had a special interest in the boy fighting Benjie, Anthony Tapia, who came from Los Lunas, which is just a few miles up Interstate 40 from where Louis lived. In Belen, Louis had heard that Tapia was looking forward to mixing it up with him. But if Louis was primarily

interested in Anthony Tapia, he was impressed by the way Benjie fought. Although the two were almost identical in size, in the same weight class, Louis thought that Benjie seemed taller than himself, and heavier. Indeed, Benjie did cut an imposing figure. His shoulders were wide, his waist a mere ribbon, his limbs all sinewy muscles, lithe and long.

Louis' brown hair was somewhat long, but always neatly combed, drawn down over his forehead toward his clear green eyes. He had a glimmering kind of smile. "Just plain well liked by everyone," says Casey Cordova, who was his boxing coach. "No one could help but like Louis." It was the same with Benjie. Phil Belone, his brother-in-law, who works for



As his high school club jacket atones, Louis was more interested in competing in the rodeo than in the ring.

What Louis didn't know, though, was that Benjie was six years older than he was. Louis was only 16, but Benjie was a man of 22. That was two years over the age limit for the novice class, but the Golden Gloves wasn't too picky about little details like that. Other things the tournament couldn't be bothered with were the pre- and post-fight physicals it was required to provide.

But then, neither Benjie nor Louis had ever spent a night in a hospital. And both were good-looking, even handsome.

The Department of Indian Affairs, says: "Benjie? Warm and mischievous. A little Dennis the Menace in him, you know. But always happy. An admirable guy with just so many friends."

Benjie's hair was a bit curly, a silky black, and his dark eyes shone, even when viewed through his big oval eyeglasses. His smile was accented by his copper Navajo skin. He talked a lot, and his family kidded him about that, because as Navajos are the first to acknowledge, they're supposed to be reticent.

continued

Benjie and Louis

continued

Benjie and Louis never said a word to one another. They saw each other in the locker room shortly before they fought, but Benjie had never laid eyes on Louis and had no idea who he was, and even though Louis had watched Benjie fight the night before against Tapia, he didn't recognize Benjie with his glasses on. So they never exchanged a word. Just blows. Even when the referee, Roger Rodriguez, had them touch gloves at the start, they didn't say anything. And in the fight itself, they never uttered a word for the two minutes of the first round and the 57 seconds of the second. The bout was scheduled to go three, but it didn't last that long, because this turned out to be a fight to the death, and that came at 0:57 of the second.

It's too bad that Benjie and Louis never got to meet in the proper way, for they would have liked one another. There was the age difference, and one was Indian and the other, as they say in New Mexico, Anglo, but they had plenty in common. Despite being as small as they were, they'd both tried football and basketball. Benjie was a rodeo champion, while Louis had just joined a rodeo club. They were attractive and popular, with boys and girls alike. Both were poor, too, with parents who had divorced. They were average students, but they worked hard and

were proud of their accomplishments in the classroom. They were conscientious, dependable at what jobs they could find. They were all-American boys. A lot of people cared about them.

But here they were, alone, prepared only to hit each other, to entertain a few thousand people who had come to pass the time on a Friday evening, on Lincoln's Birthday, watching brave boys rattle each other's young brains.

Both fighters had received their first boxing gloves as presents. Benjie's older brother, Raymond, gave him a pair when he was 10, while Louis got a pair from his father, Sonny, the Christmas he was 13. They were red and white, without laces, and Louis took a real shine to them and used them to slug it out with his pal, Melvin Maldonado. But it was several years before Louis decided to pursue boxing more seriously. One day he just went over to Becker Street in Belen, to a place where Casey Cordova taught boxing. Louis told Cordova that he'd like to learn to be a fighter.

"Ever box before?" Cordova asked.

"No, not really. But my daddy used to box in the Army."

"Well, O.K., glad to have you try," Cordova said. There wasn't much to the building. It had been a bar when Cordo-

va's father owned it, and half of it was still devoted to bingo on Friday nights. There wasn't even a ring in the room, just the essentials—a big bag and a speed bag and kids who liked to mix it up. Cordova has trained 18 state champions, including two of his own sons, although he'd never boxed himself. But he was a good athlete, and when he went to barber school in L.A., he started hanging out at the Olympic Gym, which was across the street from the school, giving free haircuts to the trainers and managers and whatnot. Casey runs the Sportsman's Barber Shop, three chairs, in Albuquerque, when he's not teaching kids boxing in Belen.

You wouldn't call Belen a suburb of Albuquerque, although it's only half an hour from downtown and a number of Belen's residents work there. Louis' stepmother, Evelyn, for example, has a job at Motorola in Albuquerque. But Belen has always had an identity of its own, right back to when it was first settled, in 1741, and it even calls itself the Hub City, which seems like conceit for a place so small. But Belen is the center of what's around, agriculture, and it has always been a railroad town, too. Belen means Bethlehem in Spanish, and it's about 50-50 Anglo and Hispanic. There are hardly any Indians in that valley, where the Rio Grande cuts through.

In February, the time of year when Louis drove up to the Golden Gloves, the land is bare and brown, scrubby. The telephone poles stand out more than anything God provided. The valley needs the spring.

Pinehaven, Benjie's town, is the other way, northwest from Albuquerque, close on the Arizona line, a few miles from the Navajo reservation that spreads across the top of each state. Benjie was born on the reservation and had lived in the vicinity, either just on or just off the reservation, all his life. Gallup is the main town in the area, right on faded old Route 40, offering, surely, more Indian souvenirs per capita than anywhere else. INDIAN JEWELRY: the neon signs blink, and lots of establishments also hire bona fide Indians to come in and weave blankets right on the site, for the edification of tourists.

The Indian area is high, a mile or more in altitude, and at least in the winter, the diverse terrain is pleasing to the eye. There are trees on many of the mesas, full-boughed evergreens, and best of all,

continued



Louis enjoyed the solitude of roadwork, which he did near the Belen boxing club and bingo parlor.

RIMICHELOS

Los Angeles 1934 Olympics

Some things speak for themselves

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Benjie also liked running. It was nothing for him to pick up after work and jog the five miles home.

Benjie and Louis

continued

when there's some snow, it clings to the needles in the high dry air and makes it look as if powdered sugar had been sprinkled all around. It was so nice out that last day, before Benjie went to Albuquerque to box, that he talked his girl friend, Debbie, into taking the day off from work, and they drove deep into the reservation, past Sheep Springs, up to Washington Pass, where they could hold hands and look down on the only world they'd ever really known. There, one more time, Debbie tried to talk Benjie out of going off to fight. Maybe if the romance had been going on longer, Debbie could have won out, but Benjie had never been tied down long by any girl; he'd been going with Debbie only a couple of months, and he couldn't be swayed.

That day Louis was in school, at Belen High, where he was a junior. He would have to wear headgear when he fought in the Golden Gloves, because in New Mexico boxers under the age of 18 must wear headgear. Louis had split his two fights. His first time out, in the PAL tour-

namment in Albuquerque, both Cordova and Louis thought he'd been jobbed, a hometown decision. That had been some

months before, when Louis weighed only 103. Later, when he was up to 117, Cordova took him to Grants, which is where the Perpetual Ice Caves are, on the high road to Gallup, and this time Louis easily beat a kid from Milan. Had him bent over at the end, Wade, TKO, 3.

Cordova had no illusions about Louis, though. "He was a mediocre fighter," he says. "He could never go anywhere with it. All Louis could do was jab. But he couldn't hurt anybody with those jabs. Trouble was, he always stood flat-footed, and he backed up all the time. A lot of times, I told him, 'Now look, Louis, I'll try and get you a fight, but I'll stop it if I have to.' And he understood. The last time, I said, O.K., I'm going to let you go to the Golden Gloves, but I'm going to watch you close, and I'll stop it real fast if you start to get into any trouble."

The thing was, the bingo on Becker Street was always held Friday nights, and Cordova was going to have to stay in Belen Friday and call the bingo while Louis was fighting either Anthony Tapia or Benjamin Davis in the Golden Gloves.

Of the nine children in Benjie's family—now ranging in age from 14 to 31—he was born smack in the middle, No. 5. His mother, Katherine, 48, like many of her contemporaries, can speak only Navajo. There were so many mouths to feed that



When Benjie left for Albuquerque, it was one of those days when pickups were splattered with mud.

even when Benjie was in elementary school he had to be shipped away from home to attend a free government boarding school on the reservation. Even now telephones are a luxury up that way; paved roads are the exception. Four-wheel-drive pickup trucks—so many of them, it seems they must be the New Mexico state animal—the mud caked to their underpinnings, are requisite around Gallup. In winter, snow can make conditions even worse. In the cities—suburbs, too—old snow piles up on the sidewalks, growing dirtier there. But in the countryside, around the reservation, the snow doesn't get dirty. It just melts and makes the dirt dirtier.

Still, no question: Of the two boys, the Anglo, Louis, had had the harder life. His parents separated when he was very young, his mother all but fading from his existence, his father going off to Vietnam and then to Belen, where he remarried. Louis stayed with his paternal grandmother in Florida. He was going to rejoin his father in New Mexico sooner than he did, but the grandmother grew sick and she loved the little boy, so everybody decided it would be unwise to take Louis away from her. So he stayed in Florida until she died. He was eight when he came out to Belen, to his father's new family, with a stepsister three years younger and a half brother on the way.

One of the reasons Louis couldn't concentrate on boxing as much as he wanted to was that he had to devote a lot of his time to working. About the time of the Golden Gloves, one of the jobs he had was doing yard work for an elderly lady in town. He felt close to her. The closest adult in his whole life had probably been his grandmother, and the old woman he worked for must have reminded him of her. He told friends he would go visit the old woman when things weren't good at home, "when things close in on me."

What Louis liked best about boxing was the solitude, the road work, running alone. It wasn't the hitting. He wasn't street-tough. His aunt, Sylvia Burns, says, "If there was ever any confrontation, Louis would walk away from it." He was never in any trouble.

Not long before the fight, Louis also joined the rodeo club at Belen High. Rodeo is an individual sport, too. Louis hadn't chosen a rodeo event to specialize in by the time he had to go up to Albuquerque, though.

continued

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Benjie and Louis

continued

Benjie, however, was already very accomplished in rodeo. As a bull rider, he had finished second in the New Mexico high school finals in 1978, which earned him a trip to the nationals, in South Dakota. He lasted seven seconds on the bull he drew. Eight is the limit you have to reach. The only reason Benjie got involved with boxing was that the Indian

All he talked about, though, was how nifty he was for the Indian rodeos to start again. He even got some lumber, and with two of his brothers he planned to build his own rodeo arena, chute and all, down in Pinehaven, where he'd lived with his father, Charlie, since his parents' divorce.

The breakup had wounded Benjie.

He knew most of the family members wouldn't like it one bit if they learned he was boxing. Benjie wrestled, played football at 130 pounds, learned the martial arts, broke a pony when he was only six years old, rode some mean horses and would jump on a 2,000-pound bull's neck in a rodeo. But in those activities the potential for danger was random. In boxing, the hurt was intentional.

Benjie did tell his younger brothers, Raymond and Augustine, what he was up to, but he also cautioned them. "Don't tell Mom." His sisters didn't know, either, and his girl didn't like it. But he told Debbie he couldn't let Dave down, couldn't let the team down. And so Benjie came down from Washington Pass, left Debbie behind, left the reservation behind, and went to fight in Albuquerque, on another one of those days when all the pickups were dirty and splattered.

At the motel where the Navajo team put up, Benjie took a room with Johnny King, his best friend in the club. Then they all went over to the Civic Auditorium. It had been built in 1957 but had become something of a white elephant, because all the top events in town play The Pit, the beautiful, 18,000-seat arena a couple of miles away on the University of New Mexico

campus, where this week's NCAA basketball final was held. The Civic seats only around 4,000, maybe 5,000 with the extra folding seats that can be put on the floor for boxing. The Civic is conveniently located, though. It's right off the Interstate, in the middle of town, and easy to spot because it shares its parking lot with St. Joseph's Hospital, distinguished by its deep blue cross, set high up in its white facing.

On that first night Louis wasn't much impressed by the Anthony Tapia-Benjamin Davis fight. Tapia was so worn out from his exertions in the first round that he couldn't even come out for the second. Cordova was watching, too, and he didn't see anything for Louis to worry about; he was sure it wasn't going to



Louis and Benjie met each other for the first time as they were given instructions in the Civic Auditorium ring.

rodeo circuit wasn't starting up again for a few weeks. He had some time on his hands, that's all. Surely, he wasn't any kind of troublemaker, no macho brawler. "Spit in Benjie's eye," Phil Belonc, his brother-in-law, says, "and first he'd ask you why you did that." If there was ever any confrontation, Louis would walk away.

Benjie was always a hard worker, too. After he graduated from high school at Wingate in '78, he took special vocational training and became a heavy-equipment operator. But work was scarce in the winter of '82, and Benjie met a guy named Dave Peterson on the reservation, in the Navajo hamlet where Debbie was living. Peterson was coach of the Navajo Boxing Club. Benjie started working out,

Unlike Louis, who never really had a family, Benjie was used to a whole household. His folks didn't split apart until he was a 10th-grader, and he brooded a lot, longing for the time when he would have his own family. Louis would go talk to the old woman when he needed someone. Benjie got the same sort of solace from being around children. He loved to play with his nieces and nephews. One day, not long before he went to Albuquerque to fight, he took Ernessa, his sister Lena's little girl, and held her on his lap, hugging her, for the longest time.

"Hey, what are you doing with my baby?" Lena said at last, laughing.

"Just practicing," Benjie said, flushing that gigantic smile of his. "Just practicing for when I have my own."

make much difference that he had to be at the hingo in Belen Friday and wouldn't be looking out for Louis from his corner.

Still, come Friday morning, Louis was becoming nervous. He had permission not to go to school that day, but he couldn't sleep, and his friends were surprised to see him come to class. He stayed half the day.

By contrast, after winning his fight against Tapia, Benjie seemed at ease. Certainly he showed no concern that anything consequential was going to happen that evening—"and Indians usually have strong premonitions," Phil Belone says. As a matter of fact, although Benjie was usually an early riser at home, in the motel he slept late. It was past 10 that morning before Benjie stirred, rubbed the sleep from his eyes and said good morning to Johnny King.

There was a respectable crowd that night at the Civic Auditorium. The Navajo Boxing Club had come over from the mesa as a group, Benjie included. Steve Pena, Cordova's assistant, had driven Louis up from Belen around six o'clock. There was no sense getting there too early. Davis vs. Wade wouldn't be till the 12th light on the card.

So it was going on a quarter to nine when the two boys got the call, walked out into the smoky arena, climbed through the ropes and looked at one another. They both wore gold tops, but Benjie was in maroon trunks, Louis in blue. And, of course, they both had on protective headgear.

The two boys moved to the center of the ring and listened to Referee Rodriguez' instructions. Lots of fighters will use this moment to try to intimidate the other fellow, but neither Louis nor Benjie was that kind of person. The whole thing was so incongruous—just their being in this position, having to hit each other. Louis did peer thoughtfully into the older boy's face, but even that little gesture seemed too much of a confrontation for Benjie, and he ducked his dark eyes.

The bell rang. This would be the third fight for Louis, the second for Benjie, and the last for them both. They came to blows

Louis, though younger, clearly had more ring experience, and he gained the early advantage. He shot his long left out, again and again, bothering Benjie, scoring points, compensating for his flat-footedness, so that Benjie could not close on Louis. Jab, jab. Down in Belen, Cordova was calling off the night's hingo numbers: N-43, I-24 G-68, and so forth. Up near the reservation, the Navajos were pouring into Gallup from all around, pickups parading, the way they always do on Friday, payday. The town was lit up bright. Tacos! Mucho Munchies! Rooms \$13.95! \$12.95! Indian Jewelry!"

And now it was the middle of the first round, and Louis was scoring so well with the jab that he got a little confident. This time when he jabbed, clipping Benjie, he tried to follow with a right uppercut. It missed, though. Benjie slipped that, and he remembered the sequence. Moments later, when Louis tried the same thing again, Benjie was ready.

He couldn't duck the jab, but he was warning, and when Louis tried the right, Benjie dodged it easily, cocking his own right fist as he did, and there was Louis standing flat-footed, his weight back. He was caught open, and the blow crashed hard into his face. Louis shuddered, pain rushing to his nose. In his three fights, in all his time in the ring, Louis had never felt a punch like that.

Perhaps if Benjie had been more experienced he could have finished off Louis

before the bell. Of course, it's also a possibility that Benjie did know what to do, but he just couldn't manage to do it because his reaction time was dulled from blows he had taken from Tapia only 24 hours before. Whatever, Louis was able to get his jab going again.

Back in his corner after the first round, Louis mentioned how much his nose hurt, and he said he thought he would take it easy this round, conserve himself. Pena nodded. He assured Louis that despite Benjie's one good punch, Louis had scored almost all the points in the first round with his jab. He was ahead, he could afford to take it easy for a round.

But almost as soon as the bell rang, Louis had to change his plan. He couldn't coast, Benjie didn't seem to put up any resistance at all. Jab, jab, jab. And this round, when Louis followed the jabs with crosses, they crashed home, Benjie's head snapping back. After the second of these combinations rang true, Benjie let his hands drop, and he just stood there. But the referee did nothing, and nobody threw a towel up through the smoke. The crowd yelled in appreciation. Louis waited for a signal to stop, but there wasn't any, so he poked Benjie with a left. Then a right. Another left. More raucous cheers. And now Benjie staggered and fell across the ropes, his stomach against one of the strands. Again Louis held back. There was no sign from the referee, even though when Benjie struggled back and righted himself, Louis could see that

his eyes were glassy. But Benjie was back on his two feet now, and the crowd was cheering, and Louis fired out one more time, another left. This time Benjie crumpled and fell on a heap to the canvas, his brain now swimming in blood, bruised and purple and of no more use to him.

Suddenly, Louis was scared about what had happened to Benjie. "I had seen the way his eyes rolled back in his head," he said. So, in a neutral corner now, Louis fell to a knee and prayed.

The referee took off Benjie's gloves and his shoes. The one doctor there climbed into the ring. Benjie needed oxygen. There was no oxygen in the building. He needed to get to a

continued



Louis frequently found no outlet for his emotion by rubbing tears.

Benjie and Louis

Continued

hospital. And there was St. Joe's right out the door, just across the parking lot, its blue cross shining down like a star, but there was no ambulance, not even a stretcher. They had to tend to Benjie where he had fallen.

After a few minutes, the referee went through the ritual of raising Louis' hand in victory. And then Louis left the ring. He remembers hearing someone say "Good fight" as he passed through the haze and the crowd. Pena drove Louis back home to Belen, but he couldn't sleep. He kept seeing Benjie on the canvas, "lying there with his eyes all white." Good fight, Wade, KO, 2.

It wasn't until past four in the morning that the cops could reach the Davis family. Even then, the only news at first was that Benjie had suffered an "accident," so the family members assumed it involved an automobile. Except for the two younger brothers, sleeping, none of the Davises knew about Benjie's boxing. His mother and his three sisters, Elise, Lena

and Loretta, drove to Albuquerque, but they didn't learn about the boxing until they finally got to St. Joe's, around eight in the morning. It was already too late. Benjie had gone without a heartbeat for 10 minutes or more. By the time they finally got him across the parking lot to St. Joe's, in an ambulance that had to be called, he was no more than a bunch of organs. The first night that Benjie ever stayed in a hospital, he slept there dead.

"What made it even harder," Phil Belone says, "is that there were no bruises on him. It just looked like he was lying there, sleeping." When the family finally decided to have the life-support machines turned off on Feb. 17, after Valentine's Day had come and gone, they all went in to say their last goodbyes. "We're Christians," Belone says. "We just believed that Benjie went to sleep in the ring and woke up in heaven."

On the 17th, Louis was drifting off in his own bed when his father and stepmother came into the room. Up to then

Louis hadn't come to grips with the obvious truth: "I just thought it was a boxing injury," he says. Now, his parents had learned the news, and they wanted Louis to hear it from them first. He took it hard. His stepmother gave him a sleeping pill, but it was hours before he slept. The next morning he didn't go to school, but instead rode aimlessly around on his bicycle. After a while it started to drizzle, and he went over to the house where his friend the old woman lived. She had heard the news, and asked him if he wanted to talk it out. No, Louis said, not even with her. Instead, he asked her if she minded if he raked some leaves. She said that would be fine, and so Louis spent the next few hours raking leaves in the rain.

By the time Benjie was buried five days later, on Monday, the 22nd, George Washington's Birthday, the skies had cleared. It was uncommonly warm for February in Gallup. A lot of the people who overflowed the Christian Reformed Church hadn't even worn overcoats.

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The service was conducted in English and Navajo. The eulogy was delivered by Raymond Pinto, a distant relative who had been Benjie's science teacher at Wingate High. "In Hebrew, Benjamin means son of my right hand," Pinto said. "It was always a fitting name, for Benjamin was always willing to help. He was a particularly loving son."

Then Benjie's cousins, Sharon and Cecil Benally, came up to sing *Amazing Grace*. The church was hushed.

"Amazing grace! How sweet the sound . . ." the cousins began, but after only a few more words Sharon began to cry, and soon she couldn't go on. Cecil moved closer to her, and without missing a note, he put his arm around her and held her as he kept on singing by himself.

"Through many dangers, toils, and snares,

I have already come, 'Tis grace
that hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home."

Sharon had come up to sing with her brother, and now here he was singing alone, while everyone out in the pews was with her, crying.

"He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures."

Cecil held steady to the end.

Three more cousins were among the pallbearers, along with Benjie's high school basketball and wrestling coaches and Andrew Chicharello's older brother. Andrew was Benjie's best friend, but, at the last, he couldn't bear to come, and so his brother took his place. The casket they carried was black with silver trim. Benjie lay inside on a Navajo blanket. He was wearing a Western-cut suit, and his black Stetson rested beside him.

He was put to rest under the warm sun in Sunset Memorial Park, just off Business Route 40, the main drag, at the western edge of Gallup. Another time of year, Benjie might have been buried in a fam-

ily place on the reservation, but in February the roads are usually so bad that it would be hard to get there, even for pickups with four-wheel drive.

"His was an honorable death," Phil Belone says. "Benjie died as an athlete."

While Benjie had still lain at St. Joe's, technically alive, Evelyn Wade, Louis' stepmother, had gone up there. The members of the Davas family whom she met told her to take the word back to Louis that no one blamed him. To this day they only have compassion for him, and everybody keeps assuring Louis that it was not his fault. Sometimes he believes that.

Louis' school was especially supportive. The teachers knew he hadn't ever had much of a male influence at home, and so, led by Ron Hodges, the principal, the men teachers rallied to him. There was also a middle-aged man in town whom Louis knew, and one day he asked Louis to come see him. He told Louis

continued

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Benjie and Louis

continued

something that even the man's own children didn't know, that once, when he was young and working in an oilfield, there was an accident that he was involved in and another boy was killed, and he had had to live with that knowledge all these years. And Louis and the man both began to cry, out of the pain that they shared.

There were no cruel taunts from the other students. Still, there are times when Louis walks by some kids and he hears the word *kill* mumbled, and he knows what they're talking about. "You almost forget it sometimes, until you see something, like when the Korean was killed," he says. "Then it comes back." And he tries to stifle his tears.

In the fall, for a few weeks, he tried boxing again. "But I guess I still haven't gotten far enough away from it," he says. "I started working out, but I just couldn't get into it." Just about everybody understands that, except for his father, who tells Louis that if he doesn't box again, he'll be a coward. So, not long ago, Louis moved in with other relatives.

It might help Louis to know that many people think the greater damage was probably done to Benjie in his first fight, on the Thursday. The fact that Benjie slept so uncommonly late Friday is a telltale sign of coma. Later in the day he complained to Johnny King of a headache. Even the most cursory examination would have resulted in Benjie's being prohibited from fighting Friday. But Louis is hard to convince. He saw the Thursday bout, and he's positive Benjie "just didn't get hit that hard."

Louis prays for Benjie. He goes to church more regularly now. He's a Pentecostal. Recently he enlisted in the Army for four years and will report for basic training shortly after he graduates from high school in June. It's best that he get away. "Maybe I'll try boxing again when I get in the Army," he says. "You know, after I let everything settle."

Cordova is against that. "You've got to be really mean in the ring to box well," he says. "Louis just isn't mean, he's too nice. He never wanted to hurt anybody."

And that makes two of them. When Katherine Davis talks about her son, the first word she chooses for Benjie is *baater-abin*, Navajo for "gentle." She starts to cry. It has been a year now, and she has eight surviving children near her, but that doesn't help. "I was never sick before," she says. "Now I'm sick all the time." She wears an aqua-colored bandanna about her head, Indian jewelry upon her wrists and clothing. "Baater-abin," she says again. "Gentle. And always with a smile. That's how I think Benjie would want to be remembered."

But no one—none of the men, anyway—on either side wants to blame boxing for the tragedy. "I like boxing. It's my favorite sport," Louis says. Indeed everybody goes out of their way to absolve boxing. The Davis family is suing every principal, individual and corporate, involved with the fight, except Louis, and

Ernie Arviso, who is married to Benjie's older sister, Lena, brushes back the snow and scrapes away at the ice on the headstone that lies flush with the ground. Without headstones stacking up, it's easier to mow the grass. Lena picks up the flowers they left here last time, now withered, colorless in the cold. Ernie has cleared the ice away from the headstone enough now to read: 1959-1982. And above that, BENJAMIN DAVIS. And above that, IN MEMORY OF BROTHER AND SON. That was what Benjie was; he never had the chance but to practice at holding his own child.

What could he have been—what else, anyway, besides a husband and father? "I think if he was still around, Benjie would be in the rodeo," Herman Arviso says. He is another brother-in-law, and he was a rodeo champion himself.

"The last time I spoke to Benjie, just before the fight, he was really excited about getting ready for the rodeo," Lena says.

"Oh yeah," says Herman. "He could've been a champ bull rider. He was that good."

Someone translates that for Benjie's mother, and Mrs. Davis nods and smiles and fingers the blanket she has just finished. Over in Pantheon, though, no one ever bothered to try and complete the rodeo arena Benjie had started just before he went down to Albuquerque to fight another boy.

Now that Louis has given up boxing, he is concentrating more on rodeo. It has been months since Cordova last saw Louis. He hasn't been by the room on Becker Street at all. In what spare time he has, Louis goes out to a rodeo arena known as the Sheriff's Posse. He looks the part, too. This day Louis is dressed in boots, Western shirt, jeans, a cowboy belt, bandanna and rodeo club jacket. It's black with silver trim. He says he has a rodeo specialty now, too. It's bull riding.

What a shame it was that the two boys, the Anglo and the Indian, never knew each other except for two minutes and 57 seconds one night in a boxing ring, pummeling each other's faces in the haze, for the roar of the crowd and something dark in all our souls.



"Through many dangers . . . 'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far."

everyone from the U.S. Olympic Committee—which sanctioned the bouts—on down denies any responsibility whatsoever for the events that took a healthy 22-year-old's life. But nobody is mad at boxing. It's only, they say so conveniently, as ever, the corruption within boxing that's accused of poisoning the sweet science. Corruption is the best thing boxing has going for it, because as long as it is there to divert attention, who will ever say, no, it's not the corruption that corrupts but the science itself. Good fight, KO, 2.

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PERSPECTIVE

by GILES TIPPETTE

AN AUTHENTIC RODEO RIDER UNMASKS HOLLYWOOD'S RHINESTONE COWBOYS

There's a good deal of misunderstanding on the public's part about rodeo. I say this as a former rodeo cowboy who has enjoyed both the triumphs and the vicissitudes of that sport. Surely, some of you have read in these pages about the days when me and four other worthless cowboys were getting it on down the road, from one rodeo to another, in a double-barreled pickup. Well, that partnership split up because of general ineptitude by all concerned and sent us each out on his own. That worked out pretty good for me on one hand, but kind of bad on another. The bad was that I wasn't sharing in the winnings of any partners. The good was that it gave me plenty of time to be alone and reflective.

And, Lord, did I have time to reflect. I recall once in Corpus Christi when I didn't have money enough for a motel. So I went to an all-night movie. On the bill was a rodeo movie. I guess the theater was showing it in honor of the rodeo being in town. But if anything could have been more inappropriate I couldn't have imagined it. There was the hero, looking like Mr. New York Broadway, who'd

probably never been closer to a head of bucking stock than leaning over the fence. And he was wearing a bandanna around his neck! I wouldn't want to be the cowboy who showed up in a rodeo arena with a bandanna around his neck. Not if I wanted out with my life. But I guess I have a special resentment toward that movie because it kept waking me up, and the images on the screen kept reminding me of the sorry plight I was in.

I still don't think there has ever been a good, remotely accurate movie or TV show about rodeo. For one thing, the plot usually turns on the hero winning the big rodeo. Well, a rodeo isn't a Ping-Pong match or a horse race; you do not win a rodeo. There's no grand prize or jackpot. On the men's side, there are three bucking events—saddle bronc, bareback horse and bull riding. The other two men's events are steer wrestling and calf roping, which require a trained horse as part of the competition. All events pay pretty much the same, except the calf roping, which has better prizes only because there are usually more entrants. For the most part, the cowboys' winnings come from their entry fees, with very little "added" money, except at the bigger shows. As I say, there's no Grand Prize.

But there's invariably a scene in the rodeo movie or TV show that goes something like this: Breathless heroine, a knockout in a gingham dress that took nine seamstresses hours to get tight in

just the right places, says, "Oh Mother, Jim and I are going to get married!"

Mother: "But Carrie Lee, Jim hasn't got a penny. He's just a broke cowboy. What would your father say?"

Carrie Lee: "Oh, Mother, Mother, Jim's going to win the big rodeo tonight. And the Grand Prize is \$5,000! Five thousand dollars, Mother! We'll be rich! And then we're going to buy a big ranch and raise whiteface Herefords an', an', an'... young'uns!"

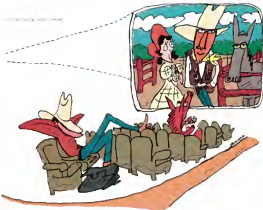
Even William Inge was guilty of such foolishness in *Bus Stop*. The hero had won the grand prize at some rodeo or other and felt that gave him the right to court Cherie. I'm not knocking artistic license. Lord knows that has been my only excuse over the years for some of the liberties I've taken in my writing. But so often the license taken with rodeo is, as the cowboy said about a bull that hooked him twice, "a damn sight more than was necessary."

Inge made another mistake: He allowed the hero to tell of competing in both the roping event and the bucking events. That almost never happens, because bucking-event cowboys and roping cowboys—"horse draggers"—are about as alike as quarterbacks and linebackers. Bucking-event cowboys, except for a few famous names, are like border bullfighters, working two and even three rodeos a week, racing pell-mell from one to the other, either by flying or by driving at breakneck speeds. They are usually broke, hurt or about to get hurt. And most of them have to quit the circuit from time to time to work at an honest job long enough to make the money they need so they can go back and lose it on the circuit.

The horse draggers, on the other hand, are among the landed gentry, being either ranchers or the sons of ranchers. They have to be a good deal better than broke, too, because a good roping or dogging horse can cost anywhere up to \$50,000. Besides, a horse dragger has the expense of caring for his animal as well as the cost of a trailer and a first-class vehicle to haul it around. The bucking-event cowboy carries practically everything he owns in his rigging bag.

Bucking-event cowboys aren't really cowboys in the sense of knowing much about the care of cattle. They are athletes doing a balancing act on the back of a beast that outweighs them by 12 or 15 to one. The horse draggers, with their

continued



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ranch-life backgrounds, know something about cattle, but there was never any steer dogging done on ranches or anywhere else, and now there's very little roping done. It runs too much weight off a head of beef.

And certainly, bull riding was never a part of ranch life. Can you imagine a cowboy getting up from the breakfast fire and saying, "Well, reckon I better go on

and you say, "Well, you had enough?"

And he says, "If you have, but I ain't going to say it first."

"Well, neither am I. But you had enough?"

"If you have."

"Well, I ain't going to say it first."

If you're lucky, at that point mutual friends intercede and help you save face by saying, "Ah, hell, both of you have

He thought about that a minute, and said, "Yeah, that's a money bull. I'll just see you later."

Well, I put a pretty good ride on that bull and ended up taking second money. Claude was waiting for me behind the chutes when I came back. He put out his right hand to shake and said, "Nice going, cowboy. Hell of a ride."

I took his hand and shook it and said, "Thanks."

Then he hit me with his left.

Our running battle finally ended a few months later in the parking lot outside the fairgrounds in Amarillo. We were reduced to punting at each other on all fours.

Gasping for breath, I said, "Say, what the hell was her name?"

He said, his head down, "Whose name?"

"Who, hell? The name of the girl we're fighting about."

He thought for a long minute and then slowly shook his head. "Be damned if I know."

I said: "Neither do I. So I'll say I've had enough if you will."

"I will, but I ain't going to say it first."

I think we ended up by saying it together on the count of three.

But I guess the greatest misconception about rodeos has come from humane societies, who regard them as a form of cruelty to animals. Well, all I can say about that is, if I'm reincarnated, I would like to come back as a head of bucking stock. Short of those guys with lucrative contracts in the NBA or whatever league, bucking stock are as well taken care of as any pro athlete. They get the best care and the best food and are usually rested for several days between events.

Not the least of the reasons for such royal treatment is that a good head of bucking stock can cost anywhere from \$1,500 to \$18,000. Choice bucking stock is bred for its role, just as a show horse or a race horse is. You can't teach a horse or a bull to buck at the level required in professional rodeo any more than a coach can teach a halfback how to run. It's talent. And no rodeo producer is going to misuse a valuable animal any more than Calumet Farm is about to set a prize 3-year-old to delivering milk.

In a dark period of my rodeo career, I found myself unable to sustain myself on my winnings, and I went to work for Tommy Steiner as a stock boy. Then and now Steiner was one of the preeminent



out there and ride a few bulls and get them in shape." I bet there's not a hundred bucking-event cowboys who could sit a working cattle horse all day without getting sore, and I bet there are even less who know how to milk a cow. Lord, today there are even rodeo cowboys from New Jersey!

Bucking-event cowboys don't get in fights—at least not very often. All the movie and TV shows illustrate them doing exactly that, but it's not correct. Oh, they might fight someone from the town where the rodeo is being held or, very occasionally, a horse dragger, but they seldom fight with each other. There's no percentage in it. If you whup a bucking-event cowboy tonight, he's going to fight you again the next time he sees you. A man who makes his living getting on the back of a beast that doesn't smoke or drink, eats and sleeps well, gets plenty of exercise, has two horns for offensive purposes and outweighs the man by 1,800 pounds isn't about to be afraid of another 170-pound human who's only sporting two fists.

The ideal ending to a fight between two bucking-event cowboys is a draw. That's where both stand there panting, glaring at each other, having knocked each other down about nine times,

had enough. Let's drink a beer and forget about it."

Once had a running fight with another bull rider that lasted more than a year and a half. It was over a disagreement about who had won the attentions of a particularly good-looking Shiny Bright, as rodeo groupies are known. I won the first several fights in pretty good style, but that didn't make any difference. Every time I saw him, it was fight on sight. Then he got to whipping me, and I didn't have any better sense than to drop my rigging bag and charge him the minute he came into view, never mind the time or place or circumstance.

But we were fair about it. One time I showed up at a rodeo in El Paso having spent my last dollar to get there and pay my entry fees. But I was in luck; I had drawn a bull that, if I could ride him, was good enough to put me in the money. As I came in behind the chutes my rival saw me and started my way. I held up my hand and said, "Claude, wait a minute. I'm broke and I've drawn a money bull for tonight. He's tough enough without me trying to get down with a broken jaw and all beat up."

He stopped and considered. "Which bull you drew?"

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New data confirms that biotin is one of many water soluble vitamins that stress can rob. Essential in the conversion of carbohydrates to energy, biotin also plays a large role in the synthesis of fats and in protein metabolism for the building of healthy tissue. Today you'll find the essential biotin extra in all three STRESSTABS high potency formulas.

STRESSTABS. The stress formula vitamin doctors recommend most.

Throughout the years, the Lederle Nutrition Research Group has carefully updated STRESSTABS to reflect

the latest findings in the body's vitamin requirements during physical stress. This commitment to research and formula advancement may be part of the reason that physicians continue to recommend STRESSTABS more than any other stress formula vitamin.

Look for the candle. It's only on Advanced Formula STRESSTABS.

The STRESSTABS candle is your assurance of high quality vitamins from Lederle Laboratories. Look for it on Advanced Formula STRESSTABS, Advanced Formula STRESSTABS plus Iron, and Advanced Formula STRESSTABS plus Zinc. The vitamins for people who burn the candle at both ends.



Advanced Formula STRESSTABS®

No other stress formula vitamin can hold a candle to it.



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producers, having more head of stock at the rodeo finals than any other producer. But this particular time, we were at a rodeo in Baton Rouge and the local humane society had sent out three ladies to investigate the reports of cruelty to animals. They were ladies of the old school. This was in the early '60s, as were the three ladies. They came picking their way through the mud and dirt behind the chutes to accost Tommy. Their chief complaint was over the flank girths used on the bucking horses.

A flank girth is a strap that goes around the flanks of a horse, just in front of its hind legs. While the horse is standing in the chute the strap hangs loose, but when the cowboy is down on the horse and as the gate opens, a helper standing on a platform behind the chute pulls the

strap tight. The intention is to make the horse start bucking immediately, because there is nothing more dangerous to a rodeo cowboy than a horse that won't "fire" as the gate opens. The rider is tensed up, expecting that first jolting charge. If it doesn't come immediately, he tends to relax. Then, if the horse starts bucking unexpectedly, the cowboy can be seriously hurt.

These three ladies didn't know that and didn't understand that a flank girth doesn't hurt a horse. That area on a horse is sensitive in the same way we are under our arms. If anything, it's ticklish.

I was standing nearby as they came up to Tommy. From the looks of them I didn't figure any of them had been any nearer a rodeo horse or knew much more about bucking stock than Elizabeth Tay-

lor. But they immediately began haranguing Tommy about his cruelty to animals, particularly in reference to the girth. Tommy is a patient and courteous man, and he tried to explain the use of the girth and why it wasn't inhumane.

But that wouldn't do. The lady in the middle, all lavender and lace, said in a strong voice, "That's easy enough for you to say, Mister Steiner. But I'd like to know how you'd feel if you had your testicles bound up in a leather strap."

And Tommy, twirling his cigar in his mouth, said: "Ma'am, I don't think you understand. All the bucking horses we use are geldings."

And the lady, drawing her head back, said, "Sir, I don't care what color the horses are, it's still inhumane."

And that, my friends, is the truth. **END**



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the edge of the water.
And then comes back.
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out from yourself, you
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U.S. Swimming and
U.S. Diving are a chance
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make ripples of your own.
And every time you
make a ripple, it touches
everyone around you.



Phillips Petroleum has sponsored
U.S. Swimming for eleven years,
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to support them because their
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So talk to your Prudential agent today. After all, you can't say for sure that you'll be here tomorrow.



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 28-April 3

Compiled by FRANK LIDZ

BADMINTON—RODNEY BARTON won the men's national championship, and CHERYL CARTON won the women's title in Coxsackie, Ill.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—NORTH CAROLINA STATE defeated Houston 54-52 to win the NCAA championship in Albuquerque (page 38)

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA had defending champion Louisiana Tech 69-67 to win the women's NCAA title in Norfolk, Va. (page 24)

FRESNO STATE defeated DePaul 69-60 to win the NIT title in New York City

PRO BASKETBALL—Jeff Ruland and Rick Mahren have been called the women's only interracial sports team. Last week Washington's round-trip, cover-forward combo nearly toppled the final Eastern Conference playoff berth away from the Bulls. The Bulls have won 17 of their last 17 and downed within a game of the Knicks, who seem very recently acclimated, losing 97-97 to San Diego, 102-88 to Pacific Division front-runner Los Angeles and 115-103 to Phoenix. Ruland and Mahren accounted for 34 points and 26 rebounds in a 94-81 win over Central Division leader Milwaukee and 33 and 24 in the Bulls' second New Jersey 100-87. But with Ruland out with a viral meningitis, Mahren's 24 points and 15 rebounds weren't enough in a 120-117 loss to Boston. The Celtics' Larry Bird missed a free throw in a 142-116 drubbing of Indiana. His 55 points set a team regular-season record. And it took him only 33 minutes to do it. Atlanta's Charles Oakley had 37-95 to Chicago, and 31-104 to the Nets to ensure that Moses Malone's prophecy of a 70-win season would go unfulfilled. The Suns now have to win their last eight games, tie the 1970-71 Lakers' standard for the best record (69-33) by an NBA season. Houston, which has 16-42 made looks like Philly's reverse, is currently 1-1. Chicago's Kevin McHale is in reverse, as Midwest Division-leading San Antonio AT 17-5. He became the tallest player in NBA history. But his contributions (two points and one rebound) were insubstantial and the Rockets lost 112-101.

BOWLING—GARY DICKINSON beat Steve Nuff 214-202 to win the \$140,000 U.S. Open in Oak Lawn, Ill.

BOXING—AARON FRYER retained his WBA junior welterweight title with a third-round TKO of Saeng-Man Kim in Atlantic City

PRO FOOTBALL—USFL Denver's Mile-High Stadium got a live a crotchhouse for former Broncos coach Dan Miller's Gold named back John Elway's Oakland Raiders 22-12. Miller and Elway are the only coaches with winning records in the Broncos era and Chicago's George Allen converted NFL coach/Luther Bradley from cornerback to line safety. His natural centerfielder, said Allen, "The Blue answer to Willie Mays" staged an interception in a 42-13 drubbing of Tampa Bay before 48,483. About 15,000 fans left, witnessed Denver's 27-16 beating of Birmingham. Even fewer fans attended Philadelphia's 34-3 win over Washington. Los Angeles slipped by Oakland, 10-7, and New Jersey futility won 15-21 over Arizona like Herschel Walker took 177 yards on 33 carries and three touchdowns.

GOLF—AMY ALCOCK won the \$500,000 Dutch Shore Invitational in Rancho Mirage. Capt. with a 54-under-par 282. She edged Beth Daniel and Kathy Whitworth by two strokes (page 34)

HAL SUTTON fired a free under-par 283 to win the rare-delayed \$700,000 Tournament Players Championship in Ponte Vedra, Fla. by one stroke over Ben Enoswood

HOCKEY—Wayne Gretzky holds so many NHL records that to set a new one he almost has to break one of his own. The Edmonton center's 1,195, 126th and 127th seasons of the season in a 7-4 win over Vancouver snapped his year-old mark. Five nights later the Oilers, who won the St. Louis Blues, scored three points against Calgary to knock with 434 for the season. That total bettered the league standard they set

in 1981-82. Gretzky again led the NHL in goals with 71. He also led with the scoring title with 104 points, 73 more than runner-up Peter Stastny of Quebec. Denis Savard of North Division leader Chicago was third with 121. Philadelphia's Joe Nieuwenhuis, won his first game in Toronto in six years, 6-3. Atlanta won Boston finished top on overall points in 109. Brian Prosser's 236 goals against average and eight shutouts led all goalies. Most fans of the Islanders became the first player to score 60 goals in three straight seasons. The Islanders won the Jennings Trophy for allowing the fewest goals (226)

HORSE RACING—Alicia Sain rode 36-1 over CUB-BELL 100PE (\$75,400) to victory on the \$250,000 Flamingo Stakes, defeating Charming by a neck. The 3-year-old ran the 1 1/4 miles at Hialeah in 1:49.9

ERINS ISLE (53), Laffa Pincay up, beat Pense Splitboard by three-quarters of a length to win the \$750,000 San Juan Key Stakes in San Juan. The 3-year-old horse won timed at 2:28.6 for the 1 1/4 miles

SOCCER—MISL Cleveland's goal is to catch first place Baltimore in the East race. That's one more goal than The Force managed in a 6-0 loss to Pittsburgh. Spirit Goals Rys, Salski made 19 saves to keep the league's third-straight of the season. John Vieve of West leader San Diego had no trouble putting shots through the pipes. He scored in four during a 4-0 whumping of Wichita

TENNIS—MATS WILANDER defeated Mel Purcell 6-1, 6-2, 6-3 to win the \$200,000 Monte Carlo Open. Bjorn Borg, playing in his last professional, lost to Mats Locomo in the second round.

TRACK & FIELD—LESLEE DENTZ added 11 inches to her own two-week-old U.S. women's record in the discus with a throw of 212' in Tempe, Ariz. At the same meet, MEL LATAS, LARRY MYRICKS, WALTER MCCOY, and JAMES MAYS set a new U.S. standard in the men's sprint medley with a clocking of 3:11.98, more than two seconds faster than the previous mark established by a team from the University of Oklahoma in 1981

MILEPOSTS—AWARDED TO Virginia Center RALPH SAMMONS, 22, the Everett Award for the outstanding player in college basketball

FINED BY THE NHL, the Minnesota North Stars and the Chicago Blackhawks, \$20,000 each as the result of a free-for-all brawl on March 24 in Bloomington, Minn. The fight lasted nearly an hour and there were 175 incidents on penalties

HURED AS basketball coach at Arizona, LUTIE OLSON, 48, whose college record of 19-9-1 includes a non-season 66-91 mark at Iowa and five trips to the NCAAs. Brigham Young, LADELL ANDERSON, 53, Utah State's athletic director and former basketball coach, the University of Cincinnati. TONY VATES, 45, an assistant at Illinois who played on California's NCAA championship team in 1961 and '62. Dallas BILL TREMBLO, 41, whose non-season mark at Santa Rosa (Calif.) Junior College was 215-67

PLACED ON PROBATION For one year by the NCAA, the Florida State University basketball team, for retaining violators

SENTENCED By a superior court judge, to three years' probation, former New York Gov. and Pittsburgh Steeler Center JIM CLARK, 37, to a misdemeanor charge for possession of cocaine

TRADED BY the Cleveland Indians, infielder RYER DYBZINSKI, 37, to the Chicago White Sox for infielder PAT TABLER, 25, by the Houston Astros, catcher-OUTFIELDER ALAN KNEITZ, 27, to the Cincinnati Reds for two minor leaguers, and by the New York Mets, infielder TOM VERZELER, 30, to the Chicago Cubs for two minor league players

DIED PADDY DODD, 48, former welterweight boxer and manager of Masahito Hironaka, the WBC's No. 2-ranked middleweight, of a cerebral hemorrhage, in New York

CREDITS
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Edited by GAY FLOOD

VERMEIL'S BURNOUT

Sir:

I commend Gary Smith on his well-presented and thoroughly documented article on former NFL Coach Dick Vermeil (*A New Life*, March 28). Sensitivity was certainly evident throughout those 12 pages of reporting on one of football's most successful coaches—and when I say that Vermeil was successful, I don't mean that strictly from a win-loss perspective. Many people are quick to criticize those who fall from what they perceive to be success, and therefore they never really acquire a genuine understanding of the total person.

My hat is off to Vermeil for striving to achieve a level of dedication, industry and perseverance that should serve as a standard. I wish him much success in his "new life."

KENNETH J. BERNABE
West Orange, N.J.

Sir,

Thank you very much for bringing the story of Dick Vermeil to your readers. It was a tremendous article written about a tremendous coach. What really struck me was how closely Coach Vermeil's life seems to parallel the life of another man I admire greatly, my father. When I read the stories about Vermeil's family, I felt I could almost put myself right into the picture. I want my father to read this article—if I can ever get him to stop working long enough to sit down and read!

CHAD WELLESLEY PERCY
Fork Union, Va.

Sir,

Many thanks for Gary Smith's timely insight into Dick Vermeil. It raises a question concerning achievement at any cost that many participants must answer in today's world of sports. What is the reward?

I hope that Vermeil will abandon his conformed perspective and begin to focus on the lasting values of sport: recreation, enjoyment and balanced character development. If I may paraphrase someone who had a good hold on life's values: "What shall I profit a man if he wins the Super Bowl but loses himself?"

HARRY C. BLAMER JR.
Cedar Lake, Ind.

Sir,

Has Dick Vermeil really and permanently changed, or is he just taking an extended vacation from coaching? I hope he has changed, but I have my doubts, particularly when he states, "I already feel so good I could start [coaching] tomorrow."

The compulsion to work is obviously a trait so ingrained in him that I wonder if he will be able to help himself. Major changes in person-

ality do not happen rapidly. For his sake, I hope he stays away from pro football long enough to think things out completely and thoroughly. Maybe you can give us periodic progress reports—as a sort of case study that would be of value to all of us who are engaged in high-demand occupations.

DAVID S. NELSON
Santa Rosa, Calif.

Sir:

The article on Dick Vermeil was outstanding. He helped put Philadelphia back on the map. He gave new meaning to the word love, as in *The City of Brotherly Love*. We will miss him dearly. We are also left with one major concern: that he will return to coaching and kick the Eagles'—butts!—one of his favorite expressions—from the opposing sideline.

DAVID F. DOWNEY
Philadelphia

Sir,

While Gary Smith and other members of the sports media have correctly heaped praise upon Dick Vermeil for taking a mediocre team to the Super Bowl in five years, it is a wonder to me that Vermeil has received so little blame for his team's return to mediocrity, which has been accomplished in only two short years. Considering the record of his last Eagle team (3-6), it is likely that a less charismatic and less popular coach would be branded a quitter instead of a victim of burnout. The difference in terms is meaningless to Eagle fans like myself who, in recent years, have mercilessly booed Vermeil for his play-calling and his choice of quarterbacks. I wish Vermeil all the luck in the world, but if he does return to coaching, may it be somewhere else—preferably Dallas.

ANDY SMUELER
Philadelphia

LUNDQUIST'S KIND OF DRIVE

Sir:

I always wondered how a chubby guy named Jack Nicklaus could come out of the long-winded North with a flying right elbow and a maddling short game and turn golf's record book into his own biography. After reading Craig Neff's article on world-record swimmer Steve Lundquist (*Leapin' Lizards*, *R's* Lunk, March 28), I think I know Jack had spizzenkurt!

JAMES P. JOHNSON
Waunakee, Neb.

Sir:

Finally, an article on swimming! And an excellent one at that. I was a swimmer in Georgia during Steve Lundquist's earlier years. As a youngster, Lunk was just as awesome as he is now. Thanks for an accurate re-

port of what goes on in the life of a great swimmer.

However, I couldn't help noticing the statement in that issue's SCORECARD that a recent survey showed "swimming was the favorite participant sport." It is ironic you would print that in the same issue as Lundquist's story, because one cannot begin to compare the grueling hours and hours and thousands of miles a true swimmer invests in his sport to the infantile splashing and floating those surveyed were referring to.

JAMES H. HAYES JR.
College Station, Texas

Sir,

Now that's what I call a swimmer issue. Encore, encore!

DIANE REINALDA
Tulsa

COONEY'S COMEBACK

Sir:

After reading William Nack's article *Starting Up the Long Road Back* (March 28) and seeing the opening photograph of Gerry Cooney, I would have to be in the heavyweight division in the next couple of years. Cooney looks as powerful as one of the San Jacinto Mountains shown in the background, and I believe he now has a spirit the size of a mountain—big enough to destroy any heavyweight today, including Larry Holmes.

ROBERT HALINKI
Lansdale, Pa.

Sir:

After reading William Nack's article on Gerry Cooney, I wondered why SI would allow space in the magazine to be put to such bad use. Cooney's constant crying about his failure to beat Larry Holmes has got to be making every boxing fan sick by now. He was a mediocre fighter before that fight, and he always will be a mediocre fighter.

TIMOTHY D. PENCEL
Easton, Pa.

Sir:

The sooner Gerry Cooney realizes that this is America and the only reason he saw a \$5.4 million payday is that he is white, the better off he'll be. Perhaps he already realizes it.

KELLYN WRIGHT
Milwaukee

SWIMMER'S COAT

Sir,

Your article on the world figure skating championships, at Helsinki (*Great Scott! What a Doubleheader*, March 21) stated that "in the break before the free skating," Rosalynn Summers of Edmonds, Wash., the new women's world figure skating champion, "bought herself a \$950 silver-fox coat, which

continued

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And now's a perfect time to make a Craftsman Eager-1, 20-inch lawnmower, with 3.5 reserve power engine, your choice. Because from April 3-16 it's the Craftsman Choice for just \$189.99—a \$30 savings. And that's an "innovation" that's pretty hard to improve on.

*Based on independent survey data July 1981-June 1982.

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Sears, Roebuck and Co. 1983

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LET'S GET ALL OF AMERICA WORKING AGAIN.

19TH HOLE continued

indicated pretty clearly who she thought the winner would be."

It is true that Rosalynn thought she would clearly be the winner, but she did not buy herself the fur coat. It was her father who bought the coat, as a gift for Rosalynn after she won the gold medal. Many people have asked me how a young amateur athlete can afford to purchase a fur coat—by the way, it was blue fox, not silver. My answer to them has been, she can't—at least not yet. As her father, I can't afford it either, but it sure was worth it!

RON SIEMAS
Everett, Wash.

◆ The actual purchase of the coat was made by Rosalynn's father after the finals. However, Rosalynn picked it out beforehand in anticipation of earning the reward her father had promised, if she won as "compensation for all her hard work."—ED

PURPLE PASSIONS

Sir

I just read Frank Deford's *PERSPECTIVE* (March 21) and you can't believe how happy I am to learn that I am not the only postpubescent who carefully watches his TV screen and his SI covers for the latest trends in uniform colors. I heartily join Deford in a Bronx cheer for the red, white and blue. A home-plate collision between a Texas Ranger and a California Angel resembles nothing more than a heap of star-spangled spaghetti.

On the subject of purple, though, has it escaped notice that in the same year Northwestern's men's basketball team crashed the NIT in its first-ever postseason appearance, New York University—my alma mater—decided to resume varsity basketball? I bet Deford just can't wait to cover an NCAA tournament final matching the purple against the Violets. That assignment would be quite a plum!

ROBERT C. NEWMAN
Brooklyn

Sir

Congratulations to Frank Deford on his humorous account of color coordination in sports. He makes one mistake, however. He states that the two greatest dynasties in American sports are the Yankees and the Celtics. How very wrong. The greatest single dynasty in American sports today is the swimming team here at Kenyon College (it's a *Real Campus Haunt*, Feb. 19, 1979). The men's team recently won its 30th straight Ohio Athletic Conference title, as well as its fourth straight NCAA Division III title. You're probably wondering what color the Lords wear. Why, bright, shiny purple, of course!

PATRICK SHIELDS
Gambier, Ohio

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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Winston Lights	11	0.9	Winston Lights 100's	12	0.9
Marlboro	16	1.0	Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1
Salem	14	1.1	Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9
Kool Mints	11	0.9	Salem 100's	15	1.1
Newport	16	1.2	Marlboro 100's	18	1.1
Carlton Kings	Less than	0.5	Carlton Box 100's	Less than	0.5
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